

WPH
The Australian

Over 500,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

March 13, 1943

PRICE

3^d

WOMEN'S WEEKLY



And WE talk
about Sacrifices!



Wild Island

by
H. VERNOR DIXON

THAT first journey from the island of Oahu to our island of Onele will remain with me forever as a sensational experience. The water, of course, was a very lovely and unique blue; the sky was a pale, milky pastel, and the great island we were leaving behind was a soft riot of greens, blues, purples, and bold streaks of rust. Those things, the colors, I could understand, but there it all ended.

I watched the white boil of water at the bow of the fast cruiser without really being aware of it, and I saw it fan out to a bubbling wake beyond our stern with the strange thought that each bubble represented a small segment of my own world breaking away and slowly dissolving.

There went New York and its skyscrapers, a musical career that had more than fulfilled its promise, familiar people and places; there, into the ripples, disappeared a carefully planned and executed future that had held warmth and light and sights and sounds that had been part of me; there, ahead, rose the towering island of Onele to swallow it all and distill from its parts a person who was strange to me, who did not yet exist, and yet who would be me.

The world was held in stillness and I wanted to scream with each fast-reeling knot, but Bob pointed to the volcano that dominated the island and proudly informed me, "Eight thousand feet at its tip. It's cool up there, and sometimes there is a light mantle of snow. We'll take a ride up in a few days and go down into the crater. You've never seen anything like it."

I had no doubt about that. Nothing in the entire circle of my vision was like anything I had ever seen before. But a volcano—that was too outlandish for my mind to grasp at the moment and I put it aside.

We were alone on the boat, and it was Bob's hand that guided us straight towards the thin white line of reef in the distance. Every move he made was confident and positive. And I had not known he knew one end of a boat from the other. But there were so many things I did not know about him.

He stood there on the flying bridge, clean and straight, a tiny smile playing about his lips, and his tawny hair combed straight out by the wind of our passage. He was the one familiar thing in that scene, and yet he had become a complete stranger. His appearance was the same as before, but his eyes were changing, and changing fast, as Onele loomed larger before us.

I wondered whether he was thinking of home or of his brother, Lane O'Neill, who was as dominant in my thoughts as the great volcano before us. Snatches of conversation drifted through my mind: "Karen, you've never met a real man until you've met Lane . . . World's greatest horseman . . . Part of his mount . . . Flies like he rides . . . Keeps a monoplane on the ranch . . . Powerful . . . Virile . . . Nervous . . . Tireless, of course . . . A human dynamo."

Throughout Bob's courting period, which really had not been very long, he had spoken of his brother Lane even more than he had of himself. And it was more than the idolatry of a younger brother for the elder.

Behind it all was a deep love that had to be returned in order to exist so strongly. It had to be mutual.

Lane, therefore, was someone who frightened me, a person possibly to combat, to be wary of, and even to appease. His enormous figure loomed above all else, and I was already sure that the success of our marriage depended in great measure upon Brother Lane.

There was so much to contend with: the ranch, the brother, the strangeness of the whole picture. My knees were suddenly shaky and I felt that I hadn't the strength to meet it all.

Then Bob put his arm about my shoulders and said, "Brace yourself for the reef, hon'. We'll take a dusting going through."

That calmed me, and the spinning wheels in my mind slowed and turned back to New York, to my first meeting with Bob.

I had met him, rather a forlorn figure, at a silly literary tea where he was like a fish out of water. He explained that he was from Hawaii, and in the course of conversation, stated that he and his brother owned the world's largest cattle ranch. I catalogued him as the world's greatest liar.

It wasn't until later that I learned that the O'Neill brothers enjoyed a measure of fame that neither the radio nor the stage could ever give to Karen Marsh.

I felt pretty foolish, then, and wanted to make it up to him when he called at the theatre a few nights later. It was his first trip to New York and he wanted to know if I would show him around. We covered the town, went everywhere, and that month was like a white blaze of light in my mind.

Bob had fallen in love with me, quietly and unemotionally, as he would, but nevertheless with a strength and solid purpose that amazed me. The show I was starring in closed and the following week my radio contract ran out.

I had offers for a new musical and a new radio contract, but Bob had another contract in mind.

The night I decided was, and always will be, a nightmare in my mind. Love was just something I sang about, a marketable commodity, a lyric, an effusion of nonsense. I was too inured to it, too saturated with it. Bob, of course, laughed at me and said I would fall in love—in time. He could be right. I didn't know.

We drove around and around the park and he asked me to lay all my cards on the table. I said that if I ever married it would have to be someone like him. I even spoke of my twenty-six years of age; I was certainly not getting younger. With my career it was the same. I was then at the peak. But I was not in love.

He soberly said, "It's up to you, Karen. I'm in love with you and always will be. If you feel—well, if you think you will ever be able to return that love—if there's a chance, in time—"

"Of course there's a chance. But of all persons in the world—"

A whirl of surging, breath-taking excitement . . . This was the new life in which Karen hoped to find love.

"There is a chance, though?"

"Definitely."

"To-morrow we'll drive to Connecticut and get married."

He made the decision and I acquiesced in it, but the rest of that night I paced the floor of my apartment, smoked enough cigarettes and drank enough coffee to ruin my health, and greeted the dawn looking like an old hag. That night was a bad one, but the following days made of it only a memory.

Bob was so sweet, and tried so hard to be considerate of me, especially on the train going west, that I rebelled at my own cowardly squeamishness, and put every thought from my mind other than that I was now his wife, and would make him proud of his decision, so help me. It was my own private little vow, and I determined to live up to it.

In San Francisco I received my first impression of the position I would occupy as a wife of one of the O'Neills.

I had enjoyed the distinction—if it could be called that—of being known and pointed out, but never quite on that scale. Then, on the crossing, the captain of the liner deferred to me in almost everything. It was rather nice, but just before reaching Diamond Head he told me, "Ye're mistress of one of the world's greatest estates, ma'am, and the first native word ye'll learn will be pili-kea."

"What does that mean?"

"Trouble."

Honolulu was a riot of noise and laughter and celebrations, and guests by the mile, and streams of calling cards. There was a tension in the air, too, a rather weird tension.

The "Oriental situation" had meaning in Honolulu, so that the quickened atmosphere felt almost like the eve of war. The fleets of grim giant bombers patrolling the skies, the deadly battleships lying in Pearl Harbor, patiently waiting, were all, somehow, different than the same planes and the same ships would have been in the States. Here the word was, "Cleared for action" . . . and I wondered.

It was too much for any woman to cope with, all at once. Then there was the O'Neill cruiser, and a word from Brother Lane: "Get out of there and come home. Am I to be the last man on the islands to kiss the bride?"

So I stood on the bridge of the cruiser, with Bob at my side, the thick reef of Onele churning white water to our starboard, the cynical volcano towering above us, the sights, sounds, and impressions battering into me with the rapidity of a machine-gun.

I glanced up at the 8000-foot mountain and then at the enormous length and breadth of the island. There were smaller mountain ranges, sharply deep valleys and ravines, plateaus, curving strips of beach at the feet of sheer black cliffs.

"Bob," I timidly asked, "where is your ranch located? Point it out to me."

He started to smile, and then chuckled. "Onele, my dear, is the native equivalent of O'Neill. We own the whole island."

While waiting for a break in the surf, Bob told me something of the history of the ranch.

"Our grandfather," he said, "was one of the early settlers here. He won this island in a poker game from King Kameamea, who thought our grandparent was getting the worst of it. But the old boy was shrewd, stocked it with pure-bred Herefords, and built a dynasty for his heirs. He passed the ranch on to our father, his only son, and he, in turn, handed it on to us."

"Aren't you passing over your father rather quickly?"

"You'll find," he said, speaking very low, "that I will continue to pass over my father in just that way. His excesses killed our mother, and after that it was a succession of women, two and three staying at the ranch at once. He introduced polo to the islands, he drank, he fought, he played and gambled and threw all of his life into just the act of living."

"But he sounds interesting."

His lips thinned and he seemed almost angry. "No doubt. Women always found him interesting. There is something about a blackguard of his type—" Then his smile returned, and he said, "Forget him. At least, he did us the good favor to deed the ranch over to us eight years ago, before he would have lost it."

"Just how large is it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Couple million acres." That stunned me until he added the further

information, "We have about thirty-five thousand head of cattle and nine or ten thousand horses. The Heiau Village estates, which means Temple Village—you can't see it from here—have an aggregate value of close to two million. Everything is on ten-year leases, so that we hold title to the estates as well as the land."

His eyes twinkled and he said, "We also own an inter-island freight and passenger service, warehouses in Honolulu, a bank, sixty miles of toll highway, a rather large department store—you were probably in it yesterday without knowing you own it—"

"I?"

"You're my wife. And we have various interests in different island combines. Any more figures, Mrs. O'Neill?"

I hadn't a chance to answer. A giant comber, much higher than the boat, bore down on us with the speed of an express train, lifted the stern of the cruiser high in the air, and shot us forward as if we had been on a surfboard. In a few "dusty" seconds we were on the placid water of a deep cove, disturbed only by the wake of our passage.

Before us was the scimitar-curve of a white beach, and sheer above it a thousand-foot black cliff, broken by a deep ravine at one end. A long dock projected into the water at the foot of the ravine, with a small warehouse, a tiny white cottage, and boat-sheds scattered about it. People were standing on the end of the dock and some of them were waving.

Bob's tension grew as we neared them, and suddenly he shouted, "There he is—on the end of the dock. There." So it was Lane O'Neill who meant more than home, after all. "Right there, Karen. The big fellow."

Lane towered head and shoulders above the others around him, a giant of a man with an enormous breadth of shoulders, deep dark hair, the ridiculously slim hips of a horseman, and the arrogant, inflexible carriage of a person born to power and authority. He was in dusty riding clothes, and about his neck—always the incongruous touch in the islands—was a lei of carnations.

I felt small and unimportant just looking towards him, and without warning, unreasonably, I wanted to cry.

Bob noticed it and, as he put an arm about me, said, "We'll make a go of this. We'll make this marriage of ours the grandest thing that ever happened in the islands. I promise it."

"I—I hope so."

HE laughed then, and added, "Now that we're home, I'll even make you fall in love with me. I'm really a terror on my own stamping grounds."

I had to smile at that, and my knees stopped wobbling. The idea of Bob as a terror anywhere was too amusing.

Bob throttled back the engines and swung the bow in towards the dock landing.

Two grinning natives leaped aboard, shouted Hawaiian greetings, and began tying up the boat. Other natives on the dock above were loudly screaming their joy.

I smiled up at them, and there was Lane O'Neill leaning over the edge of the dock, about to leap down. My heart slowed and I caught my breath. Now I could see that his eyes were like black coals, and could grasp his ruggedness. His skin was tanned as leather, and he had a great, humorous, laughing mouth.

"Why, Bob," I exclaimed, "he must be like your father."

Bob was so excited he hardly noticed me, but he replied: "Exactly like him. Funny you should guess that."

It was not so funny.

Lane O'Neill threw himself through the air, and before his feet had hardly touched the deck he and Bob had their arms about each other and were pounding each other on the back. Then the two of them pivoted about to face me.

A slow flush stole into Bob's cheeks; he cleared his throat and said, "Lane, this is my wife, Karen . . . Karen, my brother, Lane."

It was impossible not to see that Bob was uneasily looking to Lane for approval. An unreasonable anger surged within me, and when Lane placed his great hands on my shoulders I wanted to slap him.

Then a smile crept into Lane's eyes, and his head turned to Bob and he said, "She's wahine u'i, Bob. You always were the lucky devil." His eyes swung back to me, and he said, "Aloha, Karen—my love to you." He lifted me as if I had been a feather and kissed me full on the mouth.

I was approved.

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*Yelling madly, the cowboys
dragged the car along at
breakneck speed.*



Wild Island

Continued from page 2

LANE shouted something to the natives above, and swung me up to the dock. Then he jumped up, pulled Bob to his side, and covered us with carnation leis from the great heap lying on the dock. The three of us piled into the one seat of a broken-down utility truck, and we went clattering off the dock and up the ravine.

Once on top of the cliff, there was a long, rolling plateau before us, covered with grass and bunches of cattle. In the distance was an amber dust cloud rolling in our direction.

Lane chuckled and said, "The paniolos."

"The what?"

"Paniolos—cowboys."

They were upon us before I could really make out what they looked like, almost a hundred of them. There were shouts, laughter, greetings, always "Aloha!"

Then lariats whizzed over our heads and settled upon every projection of the car. The horses dug back, the ropes grew taut, and the paniolos yelled and started pell-mell down the road, dragging us after them at breakneck speed. I was terrified.

Gates were not wide enough for all of us to go through at once, but that was no problem. The paniolos simply went straight ahead, and fences and even a bamboo corral went down before our passage. Our speed was never altered. We flew into the ranch grounds like the wind, the paniolos reined their horses in, Lane jammed on the brakes, and we were home.

I caught my breath and looked at the paniolos. They were wild, unbridled, laughing men, with weather-beaten features, great arms and

shoulders, and a mad recklessness about them.

And now the women were about us; little Japanese mama-sans in gay kimonos, with doll-like children soberly at their sides; great Hawaiian wahines; sturdy Portuguese; and a sprinkling of high-coiffed, delicate Chinese. Lane stood up and called out their names, and each, in turn, cried "Aloha!"

Bob lifted me down from the car, and I was surprised at the strength in his slight body. His arms were like flexible steel bands, and when he carried me across the wide lawn towards the house he was not at all conscious of the effort.

Lane vanished, and we went down long, cool hallways and up a flight of stairs to our own suite, and into a room that was so definitely mine that it was a pleasant shock. All of my photographs were on the walls, my favorite liqueurs were in a cabinet, my favorite records were there, and even a game of chess. It was uncanny—particularly when I realised that Lane had done it all.

Bob was immensely pleased and said, "I guess he got your likes and dislikes from my letters." Then he bluntly asked, "Karen, do you like him?"

"Of course I like him."

"I felt, there on the dock—"

I laughed at him and kissed his cheek. "I was an emotional wreck, Bob. That reception—"

"Reception? Oh, that—"

We moved to the windows and watched a red ball of fire sinking into the western seas. Bob put an

arm about my shoulders and playfully tugged at my ear. He said, "You'll have to brace yourself for a real reception to-night. I could see the preparations for a terrific luau—a feast."

"Oh, no."

"I'm afraid so."

"But, Bob, I've been dragged and drawn and quartered."

"You'll have to go through with it. Before it gets dark every soul on this island will be assembled at the ranch. Lane has asked everyone in Heiau Village."

"Just exactly what is it, that village?"

He smiled, "Heiau Village," he said, "is the snob centre of the islands."

"Oh, dear! On this island?"

"Well, actually this is two islands connected by a narrow isthmus, somewhere in the shape of a key-hole, with Heiau at the small end. Our father liked his friends about him and built guest-houses down there because of the magnificent beaches. Some of the polo crowd wanted to live there permanently so he cut it up into fifty-acre plots and passed out ten-year leases."

"But this snob idea."

"That came about quite naturally. A thousand acres were put aside for building, which meant a total of only twenty estates. The twenty who first built there were socially prominent, and so established its exclusiveness. Its snobbishness grew with the years, so much so that there's a battle whenever there's an open lease." He nervously looked away from me. "Karen, you're in

for something I didn't dare tell you about before—"

"Don't stop. I'm beginning to see a light."

"All right," he smiled, "but it's no joke. There is an open lease now and, as my wife, Heiau Village is solely your problem. A hundred people want it, six should have it, and three have to have it."

I began to droop, and said, "I decide. Is that it?"

Bob chuckled quietly, glanced at his wrist-watch, and strolled across the hallway to his own room.

Dressing for that evening was a problem. "Wahine u'l," Bob had told me, meant, beautiful woman, and I knew that with a bit of luck and considerable aid I could at least come close to giving that impression. I had blue-eyes with a faint suggestion of green and orange-gold hair which was a little out of the ordinary. The dress I finally chose to wear brought those things to the fore.

When I stepped into the hallway an hour later I was startled to see an immense Hawaiian wahine standing opposite my door. She reminded me of the fat woman in a circus.

"I," she simply stated, "am Mary."

"Oh! I don't believe I have met you, Mary."

"No'm." She giggled and said, "Naughty boys, they catch too much excitement."

That broke the tension within me and I leaned back against the wall and laughed. "Mary," I said, "I think we'll get along. Are you the housekeeper?"

"Yes'm. I catch plenty work and make them boys catch plenty more work. Auwe, it is sad. But you no bother pilikea. I take care." She moved with me down the hallway. "All O'Neills bad," she grinned, "but good-bad, letta-go, then cry to Mary with bad heads."

"Mister Bob, too?"

She tenderly smiled. "No Mister Bob. Not yet." At the top of the stairs she paused and solemnly said, "You make good wahine for Mister Bob. You watch Miss Margot."

"Who?"

"You watch."

She padded away in her bare feet and I went down the stairs.

The first person I saw in the living-room was Bob, leaning against the mantel on the far side of the room. He was neatly dressed in white tropical dinner clothes, as were most of the men.

Waiting for Bob to catch my eye gave me an opportunity to study the room. It was truly the living-room of a ranch, very large, well stocked with comfortable couches, easy chairs, teakwood tables—all of it preponderantly Chinese.

Four Hawaiians were seated on the floor near the fireplace softly playing on guitars, a ukulele, and an accordion. The guests, over fifty of them, were scattered about the room, chatting together and drinking cocktails.

Bob glanced up and saw me, and his sober features gave way to a pleased smile. He hurried to me and took my hand, and the guests came crowding about. A Mrs. Jessica Kinney was the first I met, and there, I knew, was the real duenna of Onele and Heiau Village. She was a heavy-set woman, with regal manner. Yet there was something pleasant about her, a softness, even warmth, under a shell that was as hard as steel.

We exchanged a brief word or two, while she shrewdly appraised me, and then Bob introduced me to a succession of people, the Browns, the Williamses, the Carrys, and then to the Emerys, Calvin and Gail.

She was a little brown thing, with the merriest eyes and a gay effervescence obviously based on screaming nerves. She was Mrs. Kinney's daughter. Calvin Emery was a tall, spare, British type, with a horsemanner, frank and forthright speech, and an alcoholic flush on his high cheeks. I did not particularly take to him at first, though he was later to be my friend.

MRS. SONDERGAARD, a tall, bony woman, with—as was to be expected—a small, inarticulate husband, was the other duenna. She was faintly hostile, and I suppose we disliked each other at once. Mrs. Kinney chuckled and winked at me.

There were others to meet—so many that it was months before I knew them all. There was no Margot. She came later.

Bob and I led the way outside as a Hawaiian orchestra and a hundred powerful throats burst into a throbbing war song. The grounds were covered with people, Japanese lanterns were everywhere, oxen and pigs were roasting over a dozen deep pit fires. The orchestra was seated under an inia tree, and a handful of young wahines were furiously engaged in a hula before the men. The air was heady with the scent of tropical flowers.

Bob called to an old, grizzled Hawaiian seated on a corral fence, and he came over to us. "Sam Hanau," Bob affectionately said, "head of the paniolos, our foreman."

Sam made a dignified little bow, and I warmed to him at once. His manners were those of the royal court, and I found, later, that he had been a close friend of King Kalakaua, the world's playboy.

He went off in search of Lane, and we seated ourselves. Mrs. Kinney kept up a running conversation about all the various small doings of the islands and I often heard her repeat the name of Margot. I was about to question Bob when Mrs. Kinney suddenly looked across the square and said, "Well, my dear, there she is."

She smiled and said, "You know, Mrs. O'Neill, all of us had bets on just which one of the boys she would marry. Now there will be no more betting."

I glanced at Bob and followed the direction of his gaze. Lane was leading a red gelding through the hedge and walking at his side was the girl, Margot.

"Why," I exclaimed, "she's the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Just what is she?"

Mrs. Kinney volunteered, "Margot McDonald? She is half-Scottish and half-Hawaiian. Her father was one of our bigger sugar-planters and her mother was the most beautiful creature in the islands." Her voice lowered a shade and she whispered, "A very sad affair. The mother was too lovely. Men went out of their minds over her, and—well, she enjoyed their attentions. McDonald shot her one night, and then committed suicide off the Pali."

I shuddered and watched the girl coming towards us. She was tall, exquisitely proportioned, and possessed a fluidity of body and movement that was amazing. Her head blossomed out of a pure white gown like a lovely flower from an equally lovely stem. She was flawless.

The many people confused the gelding and he reared in the air. Lane's grip tightened on the halter and he pulled him down. I was a bit frightened and hastily got to my feet.

Lane stopped before me and said, "It's all right, Karen, he's gentle as a baby." Then he turned to the girl and said, "Margot, this is Bob's wife, Karen." Karen, Margot McDonald.

We acknowledged the introduction with a few pat phrases, but I was uneasy. She coolly waited for me to take the initiative and I stammered something about the lovely night, all the time conscious of her appraisal and the way Bob stood quietly at my side watching her. I was also conscious of some sort of tension, but could not put my finger on it.

Lane pulled the horse forward and presented him to me. "My wedding gift," he said. "Achmed Bar-Sen. If he likes you, you can break his heart with a look." Achmed, bow to your mistress.

The horse's hoofs beat a nervous tattoo on the ground while the guests applauded.

Margot lightly asked, "Do you know horses, Mrs. O'Neill?"

"Only the Central Park variety, I'm afraid."

Please turn to page 10

AUSTERITY MESSAGES

From the wives . . .

. . . of Australia's Leaders

"Every Australian Mother has a duty—an inescapable duty—it is to Save to buy PROTECTION for her children. Another penny a day squeezed from her House-keeping by every Australian Mother will mean another £8000 a day to the War Effort.

Every other woman in the Commonwealth must help too."

—Says Mrs. Curtin



Eileen Curtin



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NATIONAL SAVINGS BONDS

Inserted in the National Interest by

KAYSER

GOLD FROM CRETE

By C. S. FORESTER

THE officers of H.M.S. Apache were sitting up the Captain D. at the same time that he was doing the same to them. A Captain D—captain commanding destroyers—was a horrible nuisance on board if, as in this case, the ship in which he elected—or was compelled by circumstances—to hoist his distinguishing pennant was not fitted as a flotilla leader.

The captain needed cabin space himself, and he brought with him a quartet of staff officers who also needed cabin space. Physically, that meant that four out of the seven officers already on board the Apache would be more uncomfortable than usual, and in a destroyer that meant a great deal.

More than that. Morally, the effect was still more profound. It meant that with a captain on board, even if he tried not to interfere with the working of the ship, the commander and the other officers, and the lower deck ratings as well, for the matter of that, felt themselves under the scrutiny of higher authority.

So Commander Hammett and his officers eyed Captain Crowe and his staff when they met on the scorching iron deck of the Apache in Alexandria harbor, without any appearance of hospitality. They saw a big man, tall, and a little inclined to bulk, who moved with a freedom and ease that hinted at concealed athleticism. They knew his record, of course—much of it was to be read in rows of colored ribbon on his chest.

The introductions were brief. Commander Hammett presented his first lieutenant, Garland, and the other officers down to Sub-Lieutenant Chesterfield and Lord Edward Mortimer, R.N.V.R. Crowe indicated his flotilla gunnery officer and navigating officer, and signals officer and secretary.

"We will proceed as soon as convenient, commander," said Crowe, issuing his first order.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Hammett. "Get yourselves below and sort yourselves out," said Crowe to his staff, and as they disappeared he walked forward and ran lightly up to the bridge.

Hammett gave his orders. Crowe was glad to note that he did so without even a side glance out of the tail of his eye at the captain at the end of the bridge. The ship broke into activity, trembling a little as she finally moved away.

Everything was done as competently as possible; the simple operation was a faint indication that Crowe would not have to worry about the Apache in action, but could confine his attention to the handling of his whole flotilla of twelve destroyers, if and when he should ever succeed in gathering them all together.

Commander Hammett turned at that moment and caught the captain's eyes.

"Sorry to intrude on you like this, Hammett," said Crowe.

"No intrusion at all, sir. Glad to have you, of course."

"Nice of you to spare my feelings," said Crowe, with a grin. It had to be said in just the right way—Crowe could guess perfectly well at Hammett's resentment at his presence.

They were clear of the minefields now and almost out of sight of the low shore. The myriad Levantine spies would have a hard time to guess whether they were bound.

"We'll be in visual touch with the flotilla at dawn, sir," said Hammett.

"Thank you. I'll let you know if there's any change of plan," replied Crowe.

He ran down the naked steel ladder to the deck, and walked aft, past the quadruple torpedo tubes and the two pairs of 4.7's towering above him.

Down below, Paymaster Lieutenant Scroggs, his secretary, was waiting for him in the day cabin. Scroggs was looking through a mass of message forms—intercepted wireless messages which gave, when pieced together, a vague and shadowy picture of the progress of the fighting in Crete.

"I don't like the looks of it at all, sir," said Scroggs.

Neither did Crowe, but he could see no possible good in saying so. "We'll know more about it when we get there," he said cheerfully. "I shan't want you for a bit, Scroggs."

Scroggs acted on the hint and left the cabin, while Crowe sat himself at the table and drew the newspaper to him and began his Thursday letter:

My dear Miriam: There has been little enough happening this week—On Thursdays he wrote to Miriam. On Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays he wrote, respectively, to Jane and Susan and Dorothy. On Fridays he wrote to old friends of his own sex, and he kept Saturdays

Crowe forced himself to look up as the planes came screaming down towards them.

to clear off arrears of official correspondence, and he hoped on Sundays never to take a pen in hand.

He often thought about using a typewriter and doing four copies at once, but Miriam and Dorothy and Jane and Susan were not fools—he would never have bothered about them in the first place if they were—and they could spot a carbon copy anywhere.

There was nothing for it but to write toilsomely to each one by hand, although it did not matter if he repeated the phraseology; no one of those girls knew any of the others, thank goodness, and if they did they wouldn't compare notes about him.

Scroggs re-entered the room abruptly. "Message just arrived, sir," he said, passing over the decoded note.

It was for Captain D. from the vice-admiral, Alexandria, and was marked, "Priority." It ran:

Much Greek gold awaiting shipment Merka Bay. Remove if possible. Ends.

"Not acknowledged, of course?" Crowe.

"No, sir," said Scroggs. Any acknowledgment would violate standing orders for wireless silence.

"All right, Scroggs. I'll call you when I want you."

Crowe sat and thought about this new development. "Much Greek gold." A thousand pounds? A million pounds? The Greek government gold reserves must amount to a good deal more than a million pounds. If Crete was going to be lost—and it looked very much as if

it was—it would be highly desirable to keep that much gold from falling into the hands of the Germans. But it was the "if possible" that complicated the question.

Actually it was a compliment—it gave him discretion. It was for him to decide whether to stake the Apache against the gold, but it was the devil of a decision to make. The ordinary naval problem was easy by comparison, for the value of the Apache could be easily computed against other standards. It would always be worth while, for instance, to risk the Apache in exchange for a chance to destroy a light cruiser. But in exchange for gold?

When she was built the Apache cost less than half a million sterling, but that was in peacetime.

WYNNE W. DAVIES

In time of war, destroyers might be considered to be worth their weight in gold—or was that strictly true?

There was the question of the odds, too. If he took the Apache into Merka Bay to-morrow at dawn and risked the Stukas, what would be the chances of getting her out again? Obviously, if he were quite sure of it, he should try for the gold; and on the other hand, if he were sure that she would be destroyed, it would not be worth making the attempt, not for all the gold in the Americas.

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My Son and I



There are just the two of us now. My son and I. I have taught my son to throw back his shoulders like that.

But we still cling to each other in the darkness when I kiss him goodnight . . . and I wait beside him until he sleeps because it is hard for a little boy to be brave when he has lost his soldier hero — his Dad.

As we sit there I let him talk about his Dad and I try to explain to him why men and women have to fight.

I tell him — "No. Dad didn't fight just because he hated the Germans. He died for a very wonderful belief. He believed in precious things like Democracy, the right to say what you think, to worship as you please, to live as a free citizen . . ."

Those are big things to talk about to a little boy, but of this I am already sure . . . he knows that his Dad gave his life for him so that he shall grow up a free man.

My son, and your son, must grow up loving freedom, as fiercely as we love them. We, their mothers, gave them life but only democratic Freedom makes that life worth living.

We have seen enough of what all other forms of Government do to mothers and their sons. Our bodies shall never bear children to become the tools of a regimented dictatorship.

So I am keeping my son's eyes right on Freedom's light ahead because here, in this country we love, there is so much opportunity for every mother's son.

Perhaps all things are not as you want them. Or as I want them. But we are free and honoured women — free to raise our voice, to vote, to have all those things done that must be done.

Let us make sure that in the years of re-building after this war the voices of the mothers of Australia will be heard. The time has come for us to do more than nourish our children — clothe them — shelter them.

We have a new World to build for our children. It must be built as we mothers want to see it built. Let all of us realise that Democracy depends on us.

Kraft Cheese is in heavy demand by the authorities for our fighting boys! So that our fighters up front and Australia's fighting citizens can continue to be supplied with those body-building minerals and vitamins, our employees have produced over 100% more Kraft Cheese than last year — and we're proud of them.

THE KRAFT WALKER CHEESE COMPANY PTY. LTD.

THE TRUCKS GO ROLLING

By **ALLAN V. ELSTON**

RAIN, splashing on the highway ahead, held Dale Warren to a discreet 30 miles an hour. His dashboard clock said five past eleven, which meant that even with the handicap of this dark, sloshy pavement he should still arrive home in Long Beach by midnight. Traffic, naturally, was at a minimum.

Dale drove on another half minute without passing anyone. Then twin glows swept toward him. An east-bound automobile roared by. He's taking a chance, that fellow, Dale thought.

Almost at once the sight of a man's form sprawled on the pavement made Dale brake to a skidding stop.

He got out and saw a soldier lying there. Kneeling, Dale saw that the soldier was young and wore the uniform of an artilleryman. The boy was alive but unconscious. An unnatural bend of one leg gave an impression of a break at the knee. Also there was a ghastly head wound. He ought to be shot, that fellow, Dale thought, meaning the speeder.

He put one arm under the boy's back and another under the thighs. The only shelter from the rain was in his own car, so he managed to carry the soldier there and laid him on the rear seat.

His thought then was to flag the first passing car and send it for an ambulance. In a moment he saw headlights coming. Dale shouted, waved his arms; but the car splashed by. They probably think I'm just out of gas, Dale thought.

Savagely impatient, he got in and started the engine. A signboard advertisement for Crunchbar Candy fixed the spot in his mind. The quickest way to get this boy to a hospital, he decided, was to drive there at once himself.

The nearest hospital was at Citrus City, eight miles east. So Dale made a U-turn and drove back the way he had come. Rain still slanted across his headlights.

At the fringe of Citrus City, lights of an open-all-night filling station gleamed through the mist. Dale pulled up at the kerb and shouted to the attendant: "Telephone the Good Friends Hospital, please. Am on my way there with a traffic casualty. Tell 'em to have a stretcher ready—"

Without waiting for a response he sped on.

Minutes later he drew up at the ambulance entrance of the hospital. The canopy being lighted, Dale shut off his own lights. Then a stretcher crew, in charge of an interne, came bustling out.

"An army boy, huh?" the interne grunted. "Lend a hand, Joe."

Dale stood by while they placed the soldier on the stretcher. "Just a kid, huh?" the interne said. "Hustle him inside, Joe."

The stretcher-bearers went in with their burden.

"Well, sir," the interne said to Dale, "will you come in and make a report. It's regulations, you understand."

Dale followed him inside. "How did it happen?" the interne asked.

"It was a speeder headed this way," Dale said. "I didn't get the number."

"Oh! Then it wasn't you that hit him!"

"No. I just found him there and picked him up."

"Oh!" The faint tone of doubt made Dale flush. Then—"I suppose you realise the poor kid hasn't a chance. Skull's crushed. He's just barely breathing, that's all."

In the hospital the interne handed Dale a report form. "Just fill this in, please."

Dale began filling it in and the

interne stood for a moment looking over his shoulder. Then he went into the next room and Dale heard him call the courthouse. The voice came faintly: "Yes, Sheriff, he says the car was headed toward Citrus City. He says he himself was driving west, toward Long Beach—Yes, he's making out the usual report—"

A house phone rang and the interne came into the main office to answer it. The man listened to a call from the emergency ward, then went back to his connection with the sheriff's office. "That traffic victim just died, Sheriff," he said.

By the time Dale had finished filling in the form a mild little man in a dripping raincoat had arrived. He whispered aside with the interne, then poked up the report form. On it Dale had given his age as 28, his residence as Long Beach, and his occupation as chief draftsman at the Bowman Bomber plant.

"I'm Deputy-Sheriff Quick," the little man said pleasantly. "May I take a look at your driver's licence, Mr. Warren?"

Dale produced his driver's licence. Deputy Quick compared the name, age, and residence given thereon with the report just filled out. He handed it back and said, quite cheerfully, "Thanks, Mr. Warren. That's all."

But when they went outside Dale found a second deputy kneeling at his forward bumper. The car was just where Dale had left it, at the hospital's canopied side entrance. The kneeling deputy called gruffly to Quick, "Is this the man who brought that soldier here?"

"That's right," Quick said. "What about it?"

"Snap on his lights."

Quick reached in and snapped on Dale's headlights. And to Dale's complete confusion, only one light came on.

He advanced with Quick to the

front of the car and saw that the convex glass lens was missing from his left headlight. Also the chrome-plated collar serving to hold the glass in place was gone, and the socket frame of the headlight itself was dented.

The gruff deputy glared. "What do you think you're gettin' away with, Mister?"

"I had two good headlights when I drove up here," Dale was too confounded to say more.

Deputy Quick gave him a piercing look, and said quietly, "Go and ask that stretcher crew to come out here, Clancy."

The interne and two stretcher-bearers came out. "He'd snapped off his headlights by the time we got here," the interne said. "We just took the patient and hustled him inside."

Anger supplanted Dale's confusion and he blurted out, "Somebody did it while I was filling out that report."

Quick stroked his chin thoughtfully. "But why would anyone do that, Mr. Warren? Look, suppose

"I'm the man who took a soldier to the hospital on Sunday night," Dale told Flint.

you show me the place where the collision happened. If you did it, broken glass and the collar from your headlight'll be scattered over the pavement." He turned to the other deputy. "Take Warren's car to the court-house and wait for us, Clancy."

Dale followed Quick to the front of the hospital where Quick had left his own car. They embarked in it and drove toward the Long Beach highway. "If you've got anything on your conscience, son," Quick said, "you'd better—"

"All I did," Dale broke in bitterly, "is just what I wrote on the report."

At the west city limits they came to the open-all-night filling station

where Dale had shouted to an attendant. "Stop here," Dale insisted. When they stopped he called the attendant to the kerb.

"I'm the man who told you to telephone the hospital. I had two bright headlights, hadn't I?"

"Didn't notice," the man said sleepily. "You were a car-length past the station before you shouted—so I only saw you from a side angle. Why?"

"Never mind," Quick said, and drove on.

Eight miles toward Long Beach Dale made him stop opposite a Crunchbar Candy signboard. The deputy got out with an electric torch.

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THERE'LL COME A DAY

NEATLY the little man swung off the bus. Tony and Big John at his heels. Buttoning his field jacket against the damp California night, he examined his watch in the glow from the street light.

"Let's smoke," he said. "We've got ten minutes."

Big John drew a battered packet of cigarettes from his jacket and nodded toward the brightly lighted municipal gym. "What're the orders, Sully?" he asked. "And who is this Major Dunston?"

"Some old retired fool, I guess," the little man said. "We report to him at eight o'clock, three nights a week. And all because you and Tony can't control your blood pressure in the presence of artillerymen."

Tony looked reproachfully at Big John; then, broad back braced against the lamp-post, he appealed to the little man. "You know, John, Sully," he pleaded. "These redlegs say something and—"

"I know Sully says to never say nothing to nobody when he ain't with us," Big John cut in virtuously, "but they make cracks about the infantry!"

"Sure," Tony agreed. "So it's them and John. There's only four of them, and John is doing all right, but I can't just sit there. So I drag John out of the jam."

"Drag me out of a jam?" Big John demanded.

"Certainly," Tony said. "If it ain't for Sully and me, you'd 'a' been in every car from here to Frisco."

Big John drew up to his full six feet four inches. "I been," he stated simply.

The little man tossed his cigarette butt into the street.

"Skip it," he snapped. "We've been through this before. We'll go through it again. Let's go."

Single file, they threaded their way through theatre-bound traffic. Passers-by smiled pleasantly at the little soldier, then turned to stare in open-mouthed admiration at Tony's bulk and Big John's towering figure.

The outer doors of the gymnasium were open, and the narrow corridor they entered was lined with offices, in only one of which a light was visible.

Absently thinking of how simple life would be without Big John and Tony, the little man rapped on the glass-topped door. Simple, sure, but dull.

A deep, contralto voice intoned, "Come in."

The little man opened the door and they stepped inside. A wide-shouldered woman looked up from a flat-topped desk. Her khaki shirt strained toward them, but at the point of greatest resistance it gave up the unequal struggle and ducked sharply towards the matching skirt. The effect of a freshly-pitched puppet was spoiled by the field cap perched on her iron-grey hair.

Her fingers played gently with the little man's spine.

"I'm Sergeant Sullivan," he said hurriedly. "And this"—indicating Tony and Big John—"is Corporal Milano and Corporal Ross. We're to report to Major Dunston."

Rising, she adjusted her cap. "Splendid!" she said. "So you're the three non-commissioned officers I asked for. I just knew the Army would co-operate." She led the way to the door. "Come, we mustn't keep the girls waiting."

"But how about Major Dunston?" Sully faltered.

"Oh," she said archly, "didn't you know? I am Major Dunston."

The icy fingers closed on the little man's neck. He glanced at John and saw the big one's mouth working soundlessly. He was afraid to look at Tony. His gaze fixed on

the major's fast-disappearing back. "Let's go!" he barked.

Rejecting flight, the little man groped for some other way out. A women's unit of the O.C.D. he thought bitterly. How could the Old Man do this to us? And for what? Bopping a few redlegs. Does a war make an artilleryman sacred or something?

At the top of a short flight of stairs, Major Dunston ushered them into a basketball court.

Sixty women of assorted ages and displacements were grouped about the large room. All wore the now-too-familiar khaki. All were busily engaged, some before a wall map of the city, some around tables covered with first-aid materials, while others worked industriously repairing rents in canvas litters.

In each group a central figure gave instructions, putting out more orders than a four-striper on a battle wagon. The instructions bothered no one, and the room hummed with sixty voices.

Wondering who did the listening, the little man turned to his fellow victims. Frowning, he shook his head at their mute appeal.

Major Dunston clapped her hands. "Girls! Girls!" she challenged. "Let me have your attention!"

Gradually the voices stilled and all eyes focused on the three soldiers.

"I promised you help from the Army," Major Dunston beamed. "They were just splendid about it. We're to have these non-commissioned officers three nights a week for four weeks. Isn't it wonderful?"

The response indicated that it was very wonderful indeed.

"And now, Sergeant Sullivan," the major purred, "if you'll just take over. And remember, we're in your hands. Don't be easy on us."

The little man looked at the girls and then at Major Dunston. His soul turned as he thought of the ribbing he and the boys would be in for, once this got out. Still, like it or not, a doughboy does his job.

He nodded towards the canvas litters. "I gather that you ladies are an ambulance unit," he said. "If so, you must have equipment and you must be receiving professional assistance in your first-aid work."

"Oh, yes, sergeant," the major assured him. "We have ten converted station wagons with complete equipment, and the General Hospital furnishes first-aid instructors."

"Fine," the little man acknowledged. "Then what you want from us is sufficient military training to move your outfit from one place to another with precision and with your own leaders. Line up in front of me two deep. We have four weeks. I'll have you looking like a Hollywood chorus in three."

Giggling, the girls lined up, and the little man's heart did a queer somersault as his sensitive ears picked up such expressions as "Isn't he just too darling?"

"John," he ordered, "cut a skeletonized platoon off the left flank. Tony, take the right. We'll work in groups."

At ten o'clock the little man called a halt and skillfully evaded all offers to drive them back to the post. Ten minutes later they stared at one another across the table in a beer joint.

"A fine thing," Big John grumbled. "Drilling dames. If it ain't for this war, I'd leave the Army flat on its back."

Tony snorted. "Drilling dames is only half of it. Think of the needlin' we'll get from the outfit."

"Needlin'?" Big John bristled. "Who'd give us any lip?"

"Practically everybody," the little man announced. "Now shut up! I'm thinking."

As usual, Tony and Big John were half right. They'd certainly get a needling from the outfit, but the thing was the needling the outfit would get from the artillery. There'd be many a flat nose before this was over.

He finished his beer and tossed a half-dollar on the table. "Let's go," he said wearily.

Before they could do so, an exaggerated falsetto hailed them from the doorway. "Well, well, fancy meeting you girls here!"

Six artillerymen approached their table, each demonstrating his own version of the manner in which the opposite sex propel themselves forward.

For a moment the little man forgot his troubles. Artillerymen! Wonderful. One for him and two for John and three for Tony. Smiling, he pushed back his chair. Then he remembered, and the smile congealed on his face.

"Sullivan," the old man had said, "I'm removing you from the field of trouble. I'm giving you a job, a delicate job. And, Sullivan," the Old Man had added, "if while you are on this job you get in a row, any kind of a row, I'll not only rip the stripes off all three of you, but I'll bury you so deep you'll meet us when we land in Tokio!"

A tall artilleryman leaned across the table and smiled at Big John. "Would you come to dance?" he asked sweetly.

The soldier beside him said, "I don't think he would. He looks as if his girdle is killing him."

The little man held his breath as Big John's knuckles whitened round the beer glass.

Tony surged to his feet. "I been a private before," he stormed, "and I can be one again!"

"Not while this war's on," the little man snapped. He turned to the artillerymen, his voice calm and steady, but the hands he clenched behind him were hot and wet. "Have your fun, redlegs," he said. "This won't last forever."

"Why, Sergeant Sullivan," the tall artilleryman protested, "how do you go on. Anyone'd think you wanted to fight, and that's so unladylike."

Big John made gurgling noises in his throat.

"Good night now," said the little man. "We'll be seeing you 'round."

Sergeant Sullivan would have choked on those last five words had he known how often and how soon they'd be seeing these artillerymen. At the movies, in the post exchange, on the rifle range, one or more of them were always present.

Stoically they listened to suggestions on the latest thing in uplifts and heard windy discussions on the merits of the two-way stretch. Not so stoically did they watch members of their own outfit come to their

By PHIL MAGEE

defence. Big John rubbed knuckles on his chin until the skin was pink. Tony chewed his lower lip and jumped at the sound of his own name.

Always close to them, the little man laughed and joked continuously, but in a pitch above his usual voice.

Only at the gym did they escape the perpetual needling. And as their respect for these women increased, hours passed when the cause of their humiliation was almost forgotten.

Night after night they met eager response from tired women in hastily-donned khaki. Girls whose feet burned from long hours behind counters and whose backs ached from bending over typewriters. Grey-haired matrons who'd put aside the apron for a uniform



snapped through squad formations and let the dishes go till midnight.

By the end of the third week Sergeant Sullivan's promise of a Hollywood ensemble approached reality. And when Big John's platoon clearly outstripped the others, Tony smiled for the first time in weeks.

"Just three more evenings," the major sighed. "We're going to miss you boys. You've been wonderful."

"We'll miss you, too," the little man said sincerely, while Tony and Big John nodded agreement.

For a moment they stood in that silence which comes to those who've worked together when parting is in sight.

The major rubbed a cinder from her eye, then brightening visibly, she called, "Girls, next Friday is our last meeting. Shall we tell them now?"

A chorus of "No's" vetoed the suggestion.

Laughing at the anxious look on Sully's face, the major said, "We have a surprise for you. A delightful surprise."

The little man wanted to tell her that he hadn't fully recovered from the last surprise the Old Man had handed them, but she seemed so pleased with her secret that he let it go.

For the first time they joined the ambulance run on its nightly tour of the city. At the head of the

smartly-handled convoy of station wagons they rolled through the late traffic.

"The girls are dead tired," the major explained, "but having the ambulance run late like this most nearly simulates actual conditions."

That night the three returned to the post, cheerful in the pride of accomplishment. A pride that carried through the next day and the days to follow. Heads high, they smiled at witticisms now thin from repetition. Smiled grimly and waited.

By Friday the need to huddle in common misery had gone so completely that Sully, catching a free afternoon, went on to town alone. Passing up their usual haunts he boldly entered Nick's. The two-roomed beer parlor was quiet in the early afternoon, with no evidence of the nightly rush of artillerymen whose patronage made Nick's their town club.

The little man chose a table in the centre of the front room. He stretched his short legs and smiled in pleasure at Nick's frowning scrutiny.

The proprietor put a large glass of beer on the table.

"Sullivan," he said, "I have two joints. And if I have to see you and your trained seals,

Report to Major Dunston, the unruly non-coms were told—but this particular Major happened to be a woman.

I'd rather it'd be in the night-club up-town. I make my money off the artillery trade in this dump."

"Nick," the little man grinned, "your solicitude shall not go unrewarded. We'll be in to-morrow night. After that you won't have any artillery trade. But think nothing of it, Nick. I'll see that the doughboys give you a play."

A well-remembered voice cut in on the proprietor's reply. "Beat it, Nick. I want to talk to little Rollo."

Glancing up at the familiar figure of the tall artilleryman, Sully's fingers closed on the cold glass. Let him have his fun, he thought. It won't be long now. He pictured himself astride the tall one's chest, and in the resultant glow he failed to note the look of triumph on the artilleryman's face.

"Sit down," he offered. "Remember the fat guy in our crowd?" the artilleryman asked. "I'll never forget any of you," Sully acknowledged.

"Huh? Well, anyway, he makes a mutual transfer with a guy from that new mechanized outfit. And this new guy is Roughhouse Riley, heavyweight champ of the division."

"So?" the little man inquired. "So, life ain't good," the artilleryman complained. "Ordinarily, him and Big John could pack the Coliseum. But you can't expect a guy with Riley's reputation to tangle with a member of a dames' ambulance unit."

"A nice out for Riley," the little man conceded. "How'll he make it stick when we come off this detail?" Sully the artilleryman shook his head.

"After to-morrow I don't think you guys'll be making any public appearances. I had Riley pretty near convinced that you were drilling those dames because you had to. Then, when we found out about the parade, we know you guys have gone completely laced pants."

"Parade!" Sully burst out.

"I stuck up for you," he insisted, the sympathy in his voice as false as Hirohito's honor. "I says to the fellows, 'They usta be soldiers, didn't they? We'll help 'em bear their shame.' And to-morrow when you come swinging up Main Street with those dames trailing behind you, we'll be standing there, cheering you on and choking back the tears." Rising quickly, he chuckled the little man under the chin. "See you to-morrow, sweetheart," he promised.

Momentarily stunned, Sully almost forgot the glass in his hand. When he rose to throw it, it was too late.

Big John and Tony hurried towards him, brushing past the departing artilleryman.

"Say it ain't so, Sully," Big John pleaded.

Knowing that they looked to him now, as always, the little man twisted a futile mind like a wet towel, in a vain effort to wring out the last drop in ideas.

A fleeting hope that this might be just an artillery-

man's story vanished when a phone call to Major Dunston confirmed the parade as the surprise she'd spoken of.

In desperation, Sully suggested an appeal to the company commander. Rushing back to the post, they met the Old Man leaving the orderly room.

"This is war, Sullivan," the Old Man stated. "These ladies give their time to the national defence. If it pleases them to parade, then parade they shall. And if it adds to their pleasure to have your company, they'll have it, and graciously. Dismissed!"

Huddled on the barracks steps, they stared at the ground whenever a soldier passed. The cheery notes of chow call rang out, and the squad rooms emptied into the company street.

"We'll eat in town," the little man said quickly.

They headed for the bus station, while behind them soldiers laughed and chatted before the mess hall. Not harassed men like themselves, but carefree soldiers faced with nothing more than the prospect of giving their lives for their country. With a now instinctive desire for obscurity, they sought the quiet of a dingy little restaurant and sat there over steaks and coffee.

Tony pushed his plate away. "Right out in broad daylight, Sully," he moaned. "And with those red-legs standing on the sidewalk giving us the business."

"Let one of them get close," Big John fumed, "and I'll—"

"You'll keep stepping right along, a hundred and twenty to the minute," the little man interrupted. "Now keep quiet. I'm thinking."

The restaurant was hot and close, and the steak like sawdust in Sully's mouth. He looked at the two big soldiers, his stomach shrinking at the misery in their faces.

"I been thinking," Big John began.

"Sully'll do the thinking," Tony growled. "You just do what you can do."

"But we could go over the hill," Big John insisted. "Just for to-morrow."

The little man shook his head. "I don't like that part that reads, 'The United States then being in a state of war—Let's go over to the gym.'"

"Yah," John brightened. "We'll put it up to Major Dunston. The old bundle oughta be able to see the spot we're in."

"There's enough suffering now, without hurting her feelings," Sully objected.

Major Dunston was waiting for them at the gymnasium. "You found out about the surprise," she accused. "I'm so disappointed."

The little man smiled feebly. "Sorry," he said. "I know how you feel. Do we drill to-night?"

The major's disappointment dissolved in laughter. "Oh," she gloated, "then you only know about the parade?"

Sully braced himself, then relaxed. What more could happen to them?

The parade is really a drill contest, the major went on. "The girls have been lording it over the other units, so the director arranged a parade with prizes for the smartest turnout. That's to-morrow at one o'clock. To-night is the big part."

"To-night?"

"Yes. We're having a trial blackout under the personal supervision of the mayor. Lights will go out at eight-thirty. The air-raid wardens will have half an hour to clear the streets, check all residences and note the violations in their areas. Then we cruise the city looking for casualties." She picked up three arm-bands. "I've arranged for you boys to be special wardens, so you won't miss anything."

"What do we do?" Sully asked, hesitating.

"Well," she said, "all the areas have their regularly assigned wardens. I wonder—" Turning to a map on her desk, she studied it thoughtfully. "There's a vacant lot at Ash and Third."

"Yah," Big John broke in. "right across the street from Nick's."

"Oh, you know where it is," she said. "That's fine. Do you think you could persuade a few people to go there and simulate casualties?" She studied the map again. "We'll pass that corner about nine-ten, and it would be a wonderful test of the girls' efficiency."

The little man picked up the arm-bands. "I'm sure that it can be arranged," he said. "Good-bye now. And bless you," he added fervently. Outside, he inhaled deeply. "Get a load of that night air," he grinned. "It's wonderful."

"Are you feeling all right, Sully?" Tony asked anxiously.

"Never better." The little man chuckled. "A half-hour to get there, another half-hour to accomplish our mission, and we've still got time to kill. Let's have a quick one."

At the bar they put on their arm-bands. "What's come over you, Sully?" Tony questioned.

"Righteousness," Sully explained. "We're men among men, devoting ourselves to the nation's service while others live in sin and rebellion."

"I don't get it," Big John said.

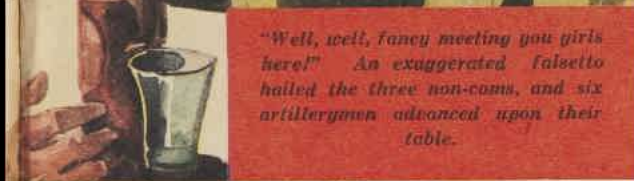
The little man glanced at his watch. "You'll like it that much better when you do," he said shortly. "Zero hour. Let's go."

They walked briskly through the streets—streets whose traffic cleared rapidly as citizens scurried home to do their part in the blackout. Turning down Ash, they reached the vacant lot just as the sirens sounded their hoarse scream. Higher and higher the fearful song of warning rose above the city, and lights went out in ones and twos, then in bunches, like so many candles before a giant's breath.

The little man caught a flash of light from Nick's as the door to the inner room was opened and quickly closed.

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"Well, well, fancy meeting you girls here!" An exaggerated falsetto hailed the three non-coms, and six artillerymen advanced upon their table.



SEVERELY he said, "There's a light in Nick's, and we are special wardens."

"You're seeing things, Sully," Tony disagreed. "The joint's as black as a pawnbroker's heart."

"I see a light," the little man insisted.

Tony dropped a heavy hand on Sully's shoulder and drew him close. "Sully," he said, "we been agitating gravel together for four years, and I've always loved you. But this is the first time I ever knew just why."

"I see a light, too, Sully," Big John supported. "And it ain't in no crystal ball, either."

Quietly they entered the beer parlor. Single file they crossed the big room, feeling their way past chairs and tables. The little man groped for the inner door. Hand on knob, he turned it silently.

"When I open it, duck in fast," he whispered. "Now!"

Chairs crashed to the floor, and six artillerymen scrambled to their feet. Five were the men of Sully's dreams, the sixth was a stranger.

The little man smiled warily at the sight of the burly stranger whose rambling nose indicated his trade. This would be Roughhouse Riley.

"Evening, gentlemen," he said.

"Where's Nick?"

Nick leaned across the bar, "Right here, wise guy," he snarled. "What's the idea?"

Sully plucked at his arm-band. "Blackout, Nick," he explained. "We can see your lights from the street. You'll have to close up."

"These guys from the ladies' outfit?" Roughhouse Riley asked. Sitting on the edge of the table, he waved airily. "Hiyah, fancy pants."

The little man singled out the tall artilleryman, as if seeing him for

the first time. "Why, Slim," he said, "I didn't expect to find you here. But since you are here, there's no reason we shouldn't let you do your bit for defence, is there, boys?"

"Naw," said Big John, "we'll let them in on it."

Tony edged closer to Roughhouse Riley.

"Leave us in on what?" the tall one demanded.

"The girls are making an ambulance run to-night," Sully purred. "We were looking for a few public-spirited citizens to serve as simulated casualties, but of course you boys will be only too glad to volunteer."

"Oh, we will, huh?" the tall one jeered. "When we play mummy for a bunch of dolls, we're unconscious."

"That," said the little man slowly, "can very easily be arranged." He took a small roll of bills from his pocket. "Nick," he snapped, "you're supposed to be a smart guy. Here's twenty bucks for breakage."

Upholding Sully's opinion, Nick grabbed the bills and ran for the door.

Confident in their numerical superiority and the prowess of their champion, the artillerymen moved forward.

"Sully!" Big John protested bitterly. "Look at Tony! He's edging that big gark over into a corner so's I can't get at him."

"Take Laughing Boy," Sully ordered. "There's no time to be choosy."

Roughhouse Riley opened hostilities. "Asking for it, huh?" he growled, grunting with his swing.

Tony rolled under the punch and

Continued from page 9

sank the grandfather of all hooks in Riley's stomach. Angrily, Big John speared the tall one with a looping left. The little man flinched slightly as the right which followed cracked on the artilleryman's chin. After all, the casualties were supposed to be simulated. Big John stepped over the fallen soldier and herded two more against the wall.

Unable to get at John, the one artilleryman not engaged turned to Tony just as Roughhouse Riley crashed among the chairs for the second time. Bowing to discretion, he changed his mind and charged the little man. The choice was ill-advised. Sully leaned far over, his stiff leg catching the onrushing artilleryman across the shins. Spinning on the ball of his right foot, Sully planted a short punch behind the ear of the flying figure. The artilleryman hit the opposite wall head first.

"Necessary," the little man sighed. "But definitely not nice."

Again Riley was on his feet, pitching knuckles. Tony weaved under a one-two and straightened the fighter with an uppercut. Stepping back for punching room he threw a right, pivoting sharply. Roughhouse Riley fell face forward on the floor.

Holding a limp artilleryman in each hand, Big John looked at the fallen champion. "I never have any fun," he grumbled. "Petulantly, he cracked the two artillerymen's heads together."

"John," the little man remonstrated, "control yourself and start hauling these boys out to the lot."

Big John tucked both soldiers under one arm and started for the door. The little man reached for the telephone at the end of the bar and dialled a number from memory.

"Hello, Major Dunston? . . . Sergeant Sullivan. Everything's on the beam. We've had marvellous co-operation. . . . What? . . . Better than that, major. Volunteers from the regular Army."

Hanging up the receiver, he waited for the boys and helped them with the last load.

When the last artilleryman had been spread on the vacant lot, Big John panted, "Wouldn't it be more realistic if we kicked their teeth in?"

"We'll have all the realism we can handle in the morning," Sully predicted. "But it was worth it. . . ."

With the morning sun filtering through the open door of the orderly room, the little man entertained serious doubt about that last statement. Standing at attention before his company commander and a

hard-eyed artillery officer, he tried to conceal the swollen hand he'd raised in salute. That, plus Big John's missing teeth and Tony's blackened eyes, was small aid to the story he'd been telling.

"My men insist that they were in a beer parlor with these dough-boys," the artillery officer said, "when the place was suddenly blacked out, and that their injuries were sustained while knocking around in the dark."

"That's right, sir," the little man assured him. "And being so banged up, what with cracking into doors and things, they very kindly offered to assist the ambulance unit in its demonstration."

"And you expect me to believe that, Sullivan?" the company commander demanded.

"It's amazing, sir, the things you can run into in the dark," Sully insisted.

"Amazing!" The company commander bowed. "I'm glad that we agree on one point."

"It's possible that no encounter took place," the artillery officer conceded. "After all, there were six of my men, one of whom is the divisional heavyweight champion. And Sergeant Sullivan is rather—er—small."

The company commander swelled visibly. "A most irrelevant observation, captain." Turning to the little man, he said, "Sullivan, this is the last straw—"

The phone rang, interrupting his pronouncement. Picking up the instrument, he barked, "Company A, Captain Hendricks. . . . Who? . . . Why, yes, sir." As Sully watched, the captain's eyes widened. "That's splendid, sir. We are most gratified. . . . Why, of course, sir; they're right here."

Covering the mouthpiece with his hand, he looked at Sully. "It's the mayor," he gasped. "He is delighted with the manner in which the blackout was run off, particularly with the efficiency of the ambulance unit. He wants to thank all three of you personally." In a daze, he held out the phone.

Tony hesitated, but Big John stepped right up. "Hiyah, mayor," he greeted. "Aw, don't lay it on like that, mayor. We just seen our duty, and we done it. Sully's the one you want to talk to."

Sully's hand shook a little as he took the phone. "We were more than glad to be of help, sir," he said.

The mayor's voice boomed through the receiver, his offer of "anytime you want anything, sergeant," clearly audible in the orderly room.

"You could do us a favor, right now, sir," the little man suggested. "Just a moment," he added, as the

Animal Antics



"I do believe the child's going to be left-handed!"

company commander made threatening gestures and whispered, "Sullivan, if you try to get out of that parade—"

"Nothing could be further from my mind, sir," Sully objected. Into the telephone, he said, "We hardly feel right about taking all the credit, sir. Could you arrange for the artillerymen who helped us to be in the parade, too? . . . You can, sir? Thanks so much. They'll make a splendid first-aid exhibit, marching in the same bandages they wore last night."

"An excellent idea, sergeant," the artillery officer said. "And a most commendable attitude on your part. I'll write the order immediately."

"Could we deliver it?" the little man asked. "It would sort of symbolize that fine co-operation we're all striving for."

"Certainly, sergeant," the artillery officer agreed. He scribbled a hasty memorandum and gave it to the little man.

"Sullivan," the company commander said, "there'll come a day! Dismissed!"

The procession moved smartly along the street, Sullivan and Major Dunston in the lead, Tony and Big John flanking the casualties.

Arms swinging and stepping high, they brushed past groups of artillerymen.

"Come on, somebody!" Big John encouraged. "Make a crack! Any kind of a crack!"

(Copyright)

"Will the Japs come here in their big ships, Daddy?"

NOT if we can help it, Son, not so long as we have breath in our bodies and strength to carry on . . . fighting, working, sacrificing.

No, not if it takes everything we've got. For were there nothing left but freedom, we'd still have all that makes this life worth while.

★ ★ ★

When you came into the world, four years ago this month, your Mum and Dad were the happiest people in the world. Your Dad had a steady job and rosy prospects. He was paying off a home and there was a little car in the garage. He had great hopes for the future.

But even as he planned, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand was gathering over Europe. And mothers like yours, with babies like you, trembled—and held their little ones closer. Many suffered, were starved and sacrificed through the brutal ambition of would-be Caesars. And now another gangster mob threatens Australia.

But nothing's going to happen to you—or any other little Australians and their mothers—so long as their men-folk have guns to fight with and hearts resolute with courage.

Your Dad's not making as much money as he used to, young fellow. He's on six-and-six a day now. Mum doesn't get so many



new dresses—she's saving her pennies to help Australia. But as she dons her last year's hat her smile is as sweet as ever. The sight of you, safe and happy, is reward enough for any sacrifice she may have to make.

★ ★ ★

A great deal has happened these last few months, Son—things that you probably wouldn't understand. To-day the Americans are with us, brothers-in-arms—helping to guard our own fair country.

And every true Australian is straining and working to make us strong enough to hurl the enemy back, once and for all—so that little people like you can sail their boats into the sunshine and calm waters of a saner, happier world.

We can't all fight, but every one of us can work for victory

INSERTED BY J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

KIT.126

MARGOT

laughed mirthlessly, and said: "You won't find his kind in Central Park. When Lane realised he was too heavy to ride him, I really believe he could have shot him rather than allow another person to enjoy such perfection."

She glanced oddly at Lane, and intuitively I knew the cause for the tension between them—the horse had originally been promised to her, as first mistress of Onele. It put a sting in the present, and I called to Sam to take him away and stressed my possessiveness.

When we sat down Margot turned to Lane and said, "Your father should be here to watch her ride him. You know, Lane, he adores that horse."

I caught my breath and the stars began to melt in the night. John O'Neill was not dead, as I had mistakenly assumed. Foolishly, without pausing to think, I asked, "But why is he not here now?"

Lane shot an odd look at Bob, and Margot glanced at me, puzzled, then also looked at Bob. My husband passed a hand across his mouth, and half closed his eyes. Obviously, he had no intention of answering my question.

Lane solved the intense strain of the moment by leaping to his feet and yelling something in Hawaiian

Wild Island

Continued from page 4

to the musicians. They happily swung into a wild, warlike rhythm as Lane ran to the middle of the lawn, and a burly Hawaiian threw a broad, tremendously heavy sword at him from a distance of at least fifty feet.

I almost screamed, but Lane caught it deftly in mid-air and spun it over his head. Two natives, brandishing other swords, leaped on to the lawn before him, and the three began the wildest dance I have ever seen, spinning madly about, all of them in imminent peril of instant decapitation.

Through the noise, I heard Margot's cool voice: "John O'Neill is always present, even when he is away."

"You mean Lane—?"

She nodded. "Lane is John O'Neill. When he goes bad, as his father did, it will be an eruption like Mauna Loa."

I flushed, and angrily demanded, "Must he go bad?"

She smiled, then. "We expect it."

Bob was already gone when I awakened in the morning, and I hurried through a shower and into riding clothes and stepped into the hallway.

Mary met me on the lower landing, and giggled to herself. "You

ride Achmed?" she asked me, staring at my jodhpurs.

"Yes. Is he a dangerous horse, Mary? I'm not exactly a cowgirl."

"He no fool," she said. "Achmed plenty akamai—plenty smart. Maybe he like, maybe no, I think he like."

"I hope so. But first, suppose you show me about the house."

She was none too pleased, as the house was an old story to her, but she led the way. Without her I would have been lost. That house just seemed to ramble on and on without ending. But it had a definite personality and was very much alive.

Lane had a wing to himself, a suite of four rooms, which I knew were his without being told. Saddles, lariats, guns, and horse-smelling blankets were everywhere.

On his desk was a solitary picture of Margot McDonald. I paused to study her features, and glanced at Mary. She looked away and, for some ridiculous reason, I felt my face redden. "A very lovely person," I commented. "But she has had a somewhat tragic life, hasn't she?"

Suddenly, as I spoke, the whole question of Margot McDonald became vitally important to me. Somehow, I felt sure, she held my future happiness in her hands.

To be continued

Bonita and Maureen...their war work

Cabled from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

I CHATTED with Bonita Granville before she and her mother boarded the New York train for a personal appearance in conjunction with her latest picture, "Hitler's Children."

Bonita looked trim in the navy-blue uniform of the Naval Aid Association, where she works in the publicity department writing up the club's activities for the papers, and arranging benefits.

"I went there hoping to join my mother in the sewing group," said Bonita, "but the department head thought I'd be better in publicity as my name is well known. So mother sews while I run around town, collecting radios for sick men, and getting other stars' promises to visit Navy hospitals."

"I also write letters to their families for the men."

Besides her work at the Naval Aid, Bonita drives 120 miles every week visiting soldiers in hospital, and also dances one evening a week at the Hollywood canteen. Bonita is one of the few actresses to whom the Government has granted a special card entitling her to an increased petrol ration due to her war work.

Maureen O'Hara is still delicate after her recent illness, but is looking forward to getting back to her Red Cross work, which is her main interest.

As this Irish star hates being idle, however, she insists on serving behind the counter at the canteen, and also campaigns strongly for British war relief. The week-ends she spends with her husband, Will Price, who is now training in the Marine Corps.

● Nineteen-year-old Bonita Granville (right) is an enthusiastic war-worker. She spends most of her spare time knitting for Tim Holt, who is in the Army Air Corps. The young couple first met when they starred together in an RKO film.

● Lovely Fox star, Maureen O'Hara (below), poses in a colorful Argentinian costume. Maureen is just out of hospital after a serious illness, but has again taken up her war-work—which includes knitting for her Marine husband, Will Price.



Movie World





• *Rouge to rivets:* Lovely Universal starlet, Frances Robinson, has become a riveter in an aircraft factory, and is getting a big thrill out of her new war-time role.



• *Defence workers' children are cared for by Mrs. Pat O'Brien at an all-day school.*



• *Aircraft plant employee, Leatrice Joy Gilbert, daughter of Leatrice Joy and the late John Gilbert, prefers machines to motion picture glamor.*

• *Enrolled in her war-job under her real name of Mrs. John Dettie—Paramount's Veronica Lake prefers work to publicity.*

They'll keep these roles for the duration

By
VIOLA MACDONALD
In Hollywood

STARS who have played nurses, war-workers, and Army girls in screen roles soon may take their places on factory assembly lines and in hospitals of real life.

A survey of war industries and the Services shows that more than one glamorous figure is working quietly—and unknown—among the women employees.

Veronica Lake, her famous hair bound up, did nightshift duty with the Aircraft Warning Service while she was working, in the daytime, in Paramount's "So Proudly We Hall." Veronica was recognised when she signed up under her real name of Mrs. John Dettie.

Until her immediate superior in this work visited Paramount studio, and recognised the star as the most enthusiastic worker on the shift, Veronica's secret was kept.

The only thing that Veronica allowed to interrupt this work was an acute appendicitis attack! Now, however, she is out of hospital and back on the job.

Full-time riveter

FRANCES ROBINSON, formerly a Universal starlet, reports daily to an aircraft factory, where she is a full-time riveter. Frances wears overalls instead of glamor gowns. "Getting up early is an old story to me," Frances told me.

"Formerly I reported to the make-up department at the same time. But now I find that war work holds all my interests. I hope to keep on this job for the duration!"

Joan Fontaine, who graduated as a Volunteer Nurses' Aid (V.A.) seven months ago, is working six hours a day at a Service hospital in Arizona, where husband Brian Aherne is training fliers for the Air Corps.

To date, no stars have joined the Women's Army or Navy Services, but Olivia De Havilland says she is joining the W.A.A.F. Olivia has expressed great interest in this service. If she does join (marriage to Lt. John Huston may intervene) she will do so secretly.

Working all hours with Joan Crawford on a nursery school project for



• *Second generation representative. Full-time Red Cross worker, Maria Carrillo, visits her proud father Leo on the set.*

children of defence factory workers are trimly-uniformed Mrs. Pat O'Brien and Marjorie Cantor, Eddie's youngest daughter.

Joan Crawford was out buying a piano for the tots when I visited the school. But genial Mrs. O'Brien showed me over the building and its rooms, equipped with attractive child-sized furniture. Then she gave me a day's routine in the life of a typical child of a defence worker. This includes play periods, naps, balanced meals with frequent glasses of fruit juices and cod-liver oil, and daily medical inspection.

"Miss Crawford's idea has caught on like wildfire, with the Government establishing nursery schools in foreign community districts," said Mrs. O'Brien enthusiastically.

Most of the stars spend their spare time serving at the famous Hollywood canteen, or dancing and singing to entertain the troops. This canteen is staffed entirely by stars, featured players, and extras, who wait on approximately five thousand men of the forces every day. One of the most enthusiastic workers at the canteen is Bette Davis.

Actually, Hollywood does not know exactly how many actresses are war-working, but daily, and unobtrusively, more and more are giving their services in some form to the fight for victory.

For Film Reviews and Hollywood Cables see page 30



*Airwoman
we thank you*

Australia congratulates you on the completion of two years of magnificent war service. To-day, more than ever, the R.A.A.F. appreciates your co-operation and your capacity for hard work.

In two years the W.A.A.A.F. has grown from a few girls to an organisation which now co-operates with the R.A.A.F. on practically every Air Defence Station in Australia.

The W.A.A.A.F. urgently needs more and more recruits in a great variety of absorbingly interesting and vital categories.

W.A.A.A.F



Apply to your nearest
R.A.A.F. RECRUITING CENTRE
or Local Committee

Applicants must not be disappointed if, in the National interests, they are not admitted because of the importance of their present employment.

9/43

LIFE AND DEATH OF A BRITISH DESTROYER



1 PEACE TIME in H.M.S. Torrin. A dinner party celebrates the engagement of an officer (Michael Wilding) to a society girl (Penelope Dudley Ward, in foreground). Noel Coward, as Captain Kinross, is seated at extreme right.



3 DIVE-BOMBED off Crete; destroyer heels, and captain orders men to leap into sea.



4 SHORE LEAVE wedding of ordinary seaman Shorty Blake (John Mills) and Freda (Kay Walsh).

PREVIEW TO SELL WAR BONDS

NOEL COWARD'S new film, "In Which We Serve," is best described in his own words: "No one destroyer could experience all that happens to H.M.S. Torrin, but she is representative, as are all who sail in her, of what happens in peace and in war to the ships and men who protect our Empire on the high seas."

In Australia, a series of War Bond previews of the film has been planned by Hoyts Theatres Ltd., in association with Gaumont-British-Dominions film. These previews are to be held simultaneously in the capital cities, in support of the forthcoming Commonwealth Loan.



5 RESCUERS AND RESCUED. After the sinking of the Torrin, Captain Kinross thanks the officers of her sister-destroyer, the Tremoyne, for saving so many of his crew.



2 WAR COMES to the Torrin. She successfully lands in England men of the B.E.F. rescued from Dunkirk.

An Australian looks back over the Valley of Years...



OLD Tom pauses and fills his lungs with the familiar tang of burning gum which mingles with the perfumed wattle in the evening air. He looks down—across the acres of sweet pasture that to him mean home. The dying sun glows from the windows of the little farm below. "It was good to be home," he reflects. But to-night he is especially glad; his soldier son is there on leave. He needs to be no nearer to guess the things John has to say to his best girl. For a few brief moments that lad is no longer a corporal in the Digger army, but just a boy in love—living in a world of sweetness and beauty, in quiet content and peace.

TOM slowly strolls on down the winding valley. It didn't seem a day since he'd brought that kid for his first outing in the bush—along this very path where he himself had trudged, a barefoot school-boy with a satchel on his back. No wonder he had such feeling for the old place—how much had gone to make it! He can see again the look of his mother as they watched their first humble shack, his birthplace, licked to ashes by bushfire. He admires once more the courage of his father as he cheered them and straightway

built a new and better home. He sees the sweat stand on that vigorous brow as he struggles in a valley flood to rescue his imperilled stock. And what stories the old folks told of life upon the trail! Of gallant little families, camped in the lonely desert, carefully panning nuggets they'd come so far to find. Turning disappointment and disaster into stepping-stones for greater things. This was the spirit that made Australia.

Yes, thinks Tom, nobody could teach those folks much about toughness and endurance. Nobody could tell them about the agony of aching muscles from ploughing stubborn soil... the torture of the January sun at noon... the tear at the heart as tender shoots of corn withered in blinding heat.

"**ISN'T** the reason," he asks, "why men love this headstrong, sun-struck land so fiercely, partly because it has taken 150 years of FIGHT to subdue and make it ours?" "We Aussies have been born with fighting blood in our veins. We will work and give and fight for Victory."

INSERTED BY LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD.

LEV.1.36



The Great Job YOU are Doing

YOU are sending this red-hot steel through the rolling mills.

YOU, the mothers, wives and sisters of Australia, are building the bren-gun carriers, 'planes, ships, guns, bombs and shells now hammering the Japs.

YOU, by your sacrifices, are forging all of these weapons just as though you forged them with your own hands.

Your sacrifices today are building *your own great Australia of tomorrow!*

Tomorrow is what YOU make it!
... and don't let anyone tell you otherwise.
Australia will be all set to go as never before.

Small as our population has been we have already taken the lead with the world's finest standards of living. *And we know how to live!*

When the enemy takes the rap, and we beat our weapons into machine tools to forge the good things of life—that's when we will start out for even higher standards than ever before.

"Down under" will be on top of the world. Expanding. Sending not only our wheat and

wool but our *manufactures* all around the globe.

YOU can do it. Australian industry can do it. All together we've shown what we Australians can do when we put our heart and soul into a job.

We're young and lusty — *starting* tradition — and that's the way we Australians like it.

Today we are fighting for a glorious tomorrow. Tomorrow is what YOU make it.



Broken Hill Pty. Co. Ltd.

Today Australia is supplying steel more cheaply than either Great Britain or the United States.

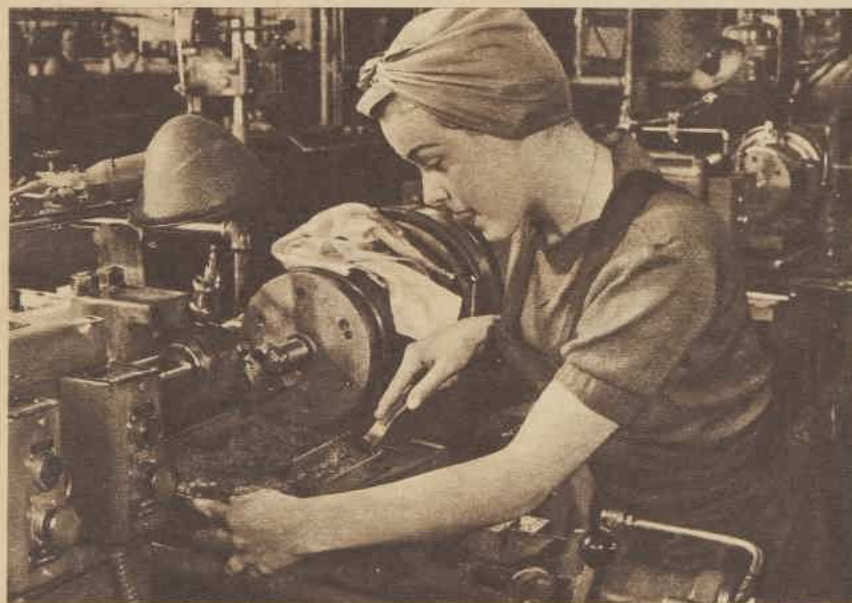
IN CANADA: War effort owes a lot to women



SHELLS. This attractive Canadian girl was formerly a tea-room attendant. Now she inspects 25-pounder shells in the Dominion's largest shell factory, in the city of Ontario.



AIRCRAFT. Rivets are being well planted in a Bolingbroke fuselage by a young forewoman of 15 girl riveters.



BREN GUNS. Chosen as typical of the smart, industrious girls in a big Bren-gun plant, Ronnie Foster is shown at work cleaning her machine.



PRECISION INSTRUMENTS. Canada's war emergency training proved women's aptitude for precision work.



AMMUNITION. Here's just one of the thousands of girls who help to turn out several million rounds of small arms ammunition per month.



CHECKING A SHIPMENT. A steady flow of Bren guns is coming off the Canadian production lines for immediate delivery to various war fronts.

Suddenly she turned on me!



AND because it was Mary who was talking, it took the wind out of all our sails.

Mary has always been so quiet up until now. She came to work with us soon after we started on all those war orders.

She didn't know the first thing about the job but she soon learnt.

We knew she was married and her husband was in the army, and judging by her engagement ring, he must have had a pretty good job.

In fact, Mary had that look about her that seemed to tell you that she had been used to good things all her life.

But from Mary herself we hardly ever had a word. She was always pleasant enough... but one of those quiet types.

This Monday morning we were just stopping for lunch and June started to tell me about her new boy-friend.

This wasn't any headline news because June can tell you the regimental insignia of nearly every U.S. regiment as well as all of our own boys' color patches.

From the boy-friend June switched to her new dress.

"Where did you get the coupons from?" I said, knowing June's ration book as well as I know my own.

"Mother knows best," said June. I'll bet it's replies like that that help to make her so popular with the Allied armies.

By this time I was warming up to the conversation. "You know, June—at last I'm glad Mum had five in the family. I don't know how I'd have managed without some of Mum's and the youngsters' coupons."

With those few words the storm broke.

Mary swung around from her machine and I got it first. "You should be ashamed of yourself," she told me. "You, with a brother missing in Malaya... And as for you, June!... You're a proud pair using other people's ration coupons!"

June went red as a beetroot. "Listen, Mary—I've got two brothers in New Guinea. And don't you forget it."

"I won't," said Mary, "but I think you do sometimes."

That one put the tears in June's eyes.

The other girls who heard her said nothing. There was nothing much any of us could say, and we went straight into the cafeteria and got our lunch.

Then we saw Mary come in and it didn't take a second glance to see that there had been tears in her eyes during the last couple of minutes.

She was on her own, as usual. I knew June was watching her, too. She took up a tray and helped herself to some lunch at the counter.

Then she sprung her second surprise because she came straight up to our table.

All eyes were on us by this time, but Mary didn't seem to be aware of them. She just sat down and put her hand over mine, which was beside me on the chair.

"That really wasn't like me to say those things," she said. "Especially to you two, girls. I've always liked you both so much. I can only say that I wish I had not spoken as I did."

"You had every right to say what you did," said June. "You've got to hand it to that girl. 'Here I am flat out on war work all day long and what do I turn round and do as soon as I knock off? I spend the money I get for making army pullovers on everything else but the war. You're right, Mary. I'm a fine one to have two brothers in New Guinea.'"

I decided it was best to stay quiet. Mary would find out soon enough that the man I was going to marry was an

Air Force gunner and flying over France nearly every day. But I couldn't get away with it. Mary squeezed my hand a little harder. "No hard feelings?"

Well, it was up to me to say something, wasn't it? Thinking back, I wonder how I was able to say all that I did say. I suppose it was because I'd had all those ideas bottled up inside me for such a long time. And I suppose it's because we Aussies don't always say all that we really do feel until once in a blue moon someone prods us into it. All I know is that once I got started I must have sounded like a budding Churchill.

"Just listen to me, Mary," I said. "You came to work here because we're doing war work. I've stayed on here for the same reason, making army mosquito-proof tents instead of swim suits. You've worked hard. I've worked hard. We've all worked hard—and not once, and not once, has one of our machines slowed down because any girl in this place has been slacking on the job. There's not one girl here who would even talk to a slacker—let alone work beside her. We all know that these machines are fighting machines and we're sticking to them."

"That's why I should never have said what I did," said Mary.

"Don't be sorry," I said. "I am an Aussie and I like straight talking. You meant something altogether different and I'm glad you had nerve enough to say it."

So the three of us had lunch together and for the first time since she'd been working beside us, Mary really had something to say.

She told us how Paddy, her husband, had enlisted just as his firm was about to make him their chief accountant. "We even had plans out for a cottage," she told us—"but we'll need new plans now if we're going to have something that's up to date. Everything will be so brand-spanking new and different after this war. Everyone will be making a fresh start—oh, it will be so wonderful." That was her way of telling June and me what nit-wits we were to be frittering our good money away at a time like this.

Well, girls, that's the story. I'm not spending while the man I love is fighting.

All the people here put a big wallop into war savings certificates every week—and I'm going to lead the field.

Then some day... some wonderful day pretty soon I hope... I'll go out to buy some of those marvellous new things that Mary has started me dreaming about. And when that day comes I'll have the man I love beside me.

Jantzen's 180 war-working girls are rapidly passing their present rate of £1.500 per annum for War Savings Certificates. This in addition to all the rest of their war drives and war work. Come on. Give us a race for our money!

Jantzen



(AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

We know you'll enjoy this brilliant Special Issue!

Advertisers co-operated with editorial to present spectacular color pages carrying patriotic messages

This is a special issue of The Australian Women's Weekly which has for its main theme the part Australia is playing in the war effort.

In its pages, every Australian will find many reasons to be proud.

These glimpses of what our country is accomplishing hold warm comfort and powerful inspiration.

LEADERS of Australia's greatest industries have co-operated with The Australian Women's Weekly to present to the women of Australia this brilliant record of a magnificent achievement—an achievement unparalleled in the history of any country.

One evidence of this is the striking series of advertisements in color and monotone.

The arresting artistry of their conception, the dynamic quality of their presentation wing their

we don't fight it together we shall perish together.

This is a new development in advertising in Australia. It follows the lines now adopted in America, where newsprint rationing is not nearly so severe as it is here.

Advertisers are doing outstanding morale-building work by utilising for patriotic purposes space formerly devoted to stimulating the sales of their products.

For example, they send messages to housewives who find they cannot now procure household products on which they have come to rely for the efficient running of their homes. They tell them just why these products are scarce, and how the machinery and manpower formerly occupied in the industry are now converted to do a specific job in the war effort.

Home problems

THIS gives the housewife an intelligent and satisfactory reason for the scarcity. It leaves her content and cheerful in the knowledge that the inconveniences she is bearing with are not only really necessary, but are helping shorten the war.

It impresses on her the fact that all the resources of the nation are being bent towards achieving victory.

In Australia the severity of newsprint rationing is imposing special hardship on business organisations which, because they have switched over to war production, are not now marketing their products, and are unable to keep their names before housewives, though before the war many of them were familiar to every woman managing a home.

All sorts of household products are included in this category—foods, domestic appliances, cleaning preparations, disinfectants, common household medicines.

Managers of many of Australia's greatest business enterprises feel that after the war they will have to start afresh to gain confidence and customers, unless newsprint restrictions can be eased in the near future.

As readers know, The Australian Women's Weekly is doing its utmost to present a bright, newsy, patriotic paper, in spite of many handicaps.

In this issue are stories and pictures of the splendid work our young women are doing in the auxiliaries of the Services; of our devoted nurses, our grand young V.A.'s (now enlisted as auxiliaries in the Army Medical Services).

These war years have severely tested the mettle of our young girls—and how magnificently they have stood the test! Voluntarily giving up all the comforts and amenities of home life, they have thrown themselves with selfless enthusiasm into their new tasks. All over Australia you see them in their trim uniforms. They have earned the respect and gratitude of the nation.



"IT ALL DEPENDS ON ME"

THIS vivid poster is being featured in England in a campaign to impress on the nation the message that every individual is a link in the chain which will hold us to Victory or part us from it. The campaign, known as the "Vadon" campaign, has now spread to Australia, where it is sponsored by leading business men. Mr. G. E. Todd is president of the committee. Mr. A. H. Dickens is hon. treasurer, and Mr. J. S. Drysdale hon. organiser and secretary.

Typical of the messages widely distributed in shops and factories is this from Churchill: "... every man and woman throughout the land, in office or out of office, in Parliament or in the cities or municipalities of our country, everyone, great or small, should try himself by his conscience every day to make sure that he is giving his utmost effort to the common cause."

No pen will ever be eloquent enough to give due praise to our nurses. In hundreds of letters reaching this office, men of the fighting forces pour blessings on them.

Cheerfully they face many physical discomforts, inevitable loneliness, and the anxieties of having the men dear to them in the fighting line. No one grumbles. Their fortitude is an inspiration to us all.

Women in industry

EQUALLY fine and just as necessary is the work being done by our women in the industrial side of the war effort. In the following pages you will find pictures of women handling red-hot steel, driving cranes, checking precision instruments, doing all kinds of work in all kinds of factories.

Then there are the thousands of women who, day after day, are visiting hospitals, teaching handicrafts to sick soldiers, minding other women's children, knitting, sewing, mending. A little of their work is related here.

Each of these many groups of women will find something of interest to them in this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Mothers and home-makers have been given special con-

sideration in the fine cooking, home-making and other pages.

All will enjoy the topical fiction. The new serial which opens is a swift-moving adventure-romance set in the Hawaiian Islands at the time of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

"Gold from Crete" is a war drama of a British captain entrusted with a highly dangerous mission.

"The Trucks go Rolling" is a mystery story in which a soldier is killed by a hit-run driver, and a young defence worker is made to appear the culprit.

"There'll Come a Day" is a rollicking yarn of three unruly non-coms.

We have secured the newsprint to produce this issue by cutting down sizes in previous issues and by sacrificing very many thousands of copies. Indeed, since the war, The Australian Women's Weekly has cut its circulation by over 150,000 copies. Few newspapers in Australia achieve a greater total circulation than that.

So we are very happy to be able to present this issue, with its brilliant coloring and carefully-chosen contents. We hope you will like it. We feel sure that, with us, you look forward to the day when it is possible for the Government to ease newsprint restrictions without affecting the urgency of the war effort.

U.S. women on the job for victory



U.S. NURSES. Embarking with a big contingent of American troops.



NAVY. Officers of the Waves march past at their graduation review. America also has the Spars, Women's Coastguard Reserve.



AIR FORCE. U.S. War in smart working overall designed for Women's Auxiliary Ferry Squadron.

Working alongside men in factory, farm, and Uncle Sam's armed forces

By Special Cable from New York

When American women do men's work in the nation's wartime industries they are paid men's wages, for the important principle of equal pay for equal work has been formally established in the United States, though it is still the subject of much lively discussion in Australia.

The National War Labor Board was responsible for this big decision. It issued a general order authorising employers to bring women's pay rates up to the male level. If an employer refuses to give equal pay the women concerned may appeal to the board.

"OUR industrial surveys show that no real distinction exists in war industries as to what constitutes a man's or a woman's job," said Miss Mary Anderson, Director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor. "Women work alongside men on the same or comparable jobs."

American debutantes and grandmothers, women who've never worked and those who thought they had retired are answering their country's urgent appeal to leave social life or the kitchen to enlist for the factories, farms, or defence services of the United States.

It is predicted that virtually all unmarried American women under forty-five will be working next year as well as one out of every three or four housewives.

A Government report published recently revealed that 15,000,000 American women, 23 per cent of the total female population, are now gainfully employed, whereas in 1940 only 11,100,000 were workers. War-plants now employ 4,000,000, compared with 1,400,000 in 1940.

American women for many years have been active outside their homes. They have been trained to assume political, civic, and family responsibility, and have had wide vocational and professional opportunities.

But for all that there were some old traditions that had to go by the board during the wartime expansion.

For instance, Brooklyn Navy Yard ended a 141-year ban on women by employing 125 women apprentice mechanics.

Mr. Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, disclosed recently that women are working in coalmines.

Long Island Railroads put 28 women to cleaning its engines, and Pennsylvania Railroad has 15 women, comprising half the yard's cleaning staff, daily polishing 139 giant electric locomotives.

Women are also loading and firing guns, including powerful howitzers for the Army, at an East Coast testing ground.

Women are being trained in highly scientific weather forecasting.

The West Coast has night-watchwomen and special police.

Curtiss Wright Aviation Company is training 800 college undergraduates as aviation engineers, and Vought Sikorsky Division of the United Aircraft Corporation has a similar programme.

America's farm women are also doing an outstanding job. The 1,600,000 gainfully employed in farming last autumn helped to gather a record harvest to feed the armed forces of the United Nations.

The Department of Agriculture also estimated that farm women put up over 3,800,000,000 jars of food, thus releasing more commercially packed food for city dwellers and the United States' Allies.

The Government is making every effort to see that women in wartime occupations are properly cared for.

The Bureau of Health Welfare Services sends diet experts and home economists to assist war in-

dustries to plan nutritious food for employees.

Housing projects have been undertaken in overcrowded industrial areas.

The War Manpower Commission and United States Employment Service maintain a policy wherever possible of choosing women without household responsibilities.

However, it is inevitably necessary to employ many women with children, so day care of children is considered a basic part of the labor supply problem.

Katharine Lenroot, chief of the Children's Bureau, said: "Children of school age are the first concern of the day-care programme, because over two-thirds of the mothers employed have children of school age."

In some States regular schools will extend their work to care of youngsters after school hours; in others, women of the community will be asked to take on that job as part of their war work.

Since Pearl Harbor, national membership of the American Women's Voluntary Services has increased from 125,000 to 325,000.

Among the most valuable of voluntary services is the Nurses Aide Corps.

Thousands of wives, mothers, and young girls trained by the Red Cross service 875 hospitals.

MESSAGE FROM MRS. ROOSEVELT

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT has sent this message to the women war-workers of Australia, through The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I am very glad to have the opportunity to send a message to the women war-workers of Australia. Like the women of Great Britain, Australian women are finding themselves needed on every front."

"Even here in the United States women are finding their work in greater demand than ever before, and I think this demand will increase as our total war effort grows."

"The predominating interest of all women the world over at present is to bring the war to a close. We know it must be brought to a victorious close, because without victory it would be impossible to set up for the future such machinery as we hope will make it possible to build a firmer foundation for peace in the future."

"Therefore everything we women can do, whether we are engaged in industry, in auxiliary military services, or volunteer work of any kind, is valuable in bringing about the end of this war."

"War is closer to the women of Great Britain and the women of Australia, and therefore responsibility more easily accepted, but day by day in this country it comes closer to us, and I think the women of the United Nations can feel they are working side by side, and that through the exercise of their citizenship they will carry out at home what their men are fighting for across the Seven Seas."



MRS. ROOSEVELT.

ARMY. Wave private grapples with heavy tyre of Army transport.



ON LAND. College girl volunteer drives farm tractor on vacation.



FACTORY. Bomber parts made by this girl and giant hydropress.



MUNITIONS. Girls put 40-calibre ack-ack gun through a firing test.



TRAFFIC OFFICER. Women replace men in such civil jobs. Pictures from U.S. Dept. of War Information.



GAME OF CHECKERS played and watched by girls of the Australian Army Medical Women's Service in the lovely garden of their training school, which is just outside Brisbane.



PRIVATE MARY HANNAY, chiropodist (right), and Sister Patricia Chomley (left) attend to foot needs of Edna Crowther, Joan Godfrey, and Billy Wentford, of the A.A.M.W.S.



TENT LIFE. Denise Bostock, Sheila Sharry, Molly Watson, Lorna Smoothery, Dawn Clarke, and Gabrielle Derrington at the A.A.M.W.S. school.

Recruits in A.A.M.W.S. love this happy tent life

More girls needed to help staff military hospitals and homes

By TESSA READING

From a school set in five acres of lovely garden near Brisbane, 150 trainees for the Australian Army Medical Women's Service pass out each month after a three weeks' course.

Schools in other States are equally active, for the A.A.M.W.S. (formerly known as the V.A.'s) is being rapidly expanded, and more and more recruits are urgently needed to staff military hospitals and convalescent homes adequately.

GIANT jacarandas, magnolias, oleanders, and all sorts of tropical shrubs shade the tents surrounding the Queensland school, which was formerly a doctor's home.

The house is used for training and study, and the girls sleep under canvas, their "bedrooms" lit by hurricane lamps.

"Our ambition is to make recruits into good members of the A.A.M.W.S.," said Lieutenant Florrie Fuller, chief instructor, "so that when they get to their units they know how to pull their weight."

Lieutenant Fuller was a school-teacher in Toowoomba before enlisting, and then was twelve months in military hospitals and did a rookie course at an officers' school.

"I learnt how to take orders, but find it easier to give them," she said.

"The main object of the job is training girls to replace men. Its main joy is seeing the friendships made by girls who arrive at the school complete strangers and leave great friends, frequently requesting to be posted together."

The three-weeks' rookie course includes physical and recreational training, drilling, and lectures.

Recruits are trained as nursing orderlies, clerks, telephonists, and cooks, and learn the basis of general Army organisation.

"They can express their preference for any branch of the Service."

Adjutant - Lieutenant Mildred Thompson, who has had similar training to Lieutenant Fuller's, was formerly a clerk in a city office. Doreen Sheridan, from West

WORTH FIGHTING FOR

WARM tribute to the V.A.'s (now members of the A.A.M.W.S.) is paid by Sapper L. N. Norris, writing from a military hospital.

● Just returned from Milne Bay, and you've no idea how pleasant it is to receive a smile from the opposite sex in uniform.

"It makes our hearts glad to see them looking so sweet and fine, carrying on in good old Aussie style—no fuss, no side, just a friendly smile that makes you think, 'Well, they are worth fighting for.'"

"We've sailed the seven seas, seen desert sunsets, Mediterranean blue seas, the Nile, the crowded cosmopolitan streets of Cairo, the beauty of Syria's fair cities."

"But they can keep all these scenes for just one tiny glimpse of a girl from Aussie, and to hear her laughter like a touch of spring."



PRIVATE LILLIE SCHELLS pressing her uniform while Private Mary Elliott waits her turn for the iron.



GARDENS are cultivated round the tents by the trainees. Privates Thelma Cuddy, Connie Cuthbert and Lorna Solightly busy at theirs.

Australia, is the officer in charge of training.

Orderly - Room - Sergeant Mary McNeish and seven N.C.O.'s instruct trainees in drilling, and a warrant-officer is responsible for their general welfare.

The recruits like tent life. It's ideal for the climatic conditions, and to most of them it is a novelty.

Trainee Peggy Boyston, of Rockhampton, says she does not want ever to sleep in a room again.

Nearly all have put on weight, according to Corporal Eva Fraser, who is in charge of cooking, and has been cooking for the Army for twelve months.

Privates Grace Eisenmenger and Maud Kidston are assistant cooks.

Sister Ivy Clay, who has been backwards and forwards to the Middle East several times, looks after the sick and also gives the girls some of their medical training.



COOK GRACE EISENMENGER (centre) being assisted by recruits Sattie W. Winston and Peggy Boyston to prepare the luncheon chops.

Scarcely one uniform does not need some kind of altering, and Private Edna Crowther, the seamstress, machines all day. She has two brothers in the A.I.F.

Private Mary Hannay, the chiropodist, is kept busy. She attends members of the A.A.M.W.S. twice a week.

Evelyn Denham travelled 1200 miles to join up, as she was nursing at Mt. Isa.

Happiest day of her life for dark-eyed, good-looking Joan Battick was her eighteenth birthday, which made her eligible for service. She is now an instructor.

Ruth Birch, who is 19, was hairdresser in Goondiwindi (Qld.). For two years before enlisting she did voluntary work as a V.A.

Jean Miller and Betty Parson, from Charters Towers, did twelve months' service in a military hospital, saw the shortage of cooks and are now training in that line.

The girls all say they enjoy the discipline necessary where so many girls are teamed together. "There's only one word to describe the life and that is 'marvellous,'" they say.

Recent innovation is the introduction of a cooking course whereby the girls are taught by a warrant-officer to use and order Army rations to the best advantage.

They learn butchering, and soon handle a carcass expertly, and are also taught the use of dehydrated foods.

All this training is done in a fly-proof kitchen with the strictest attention to hygiene.

EDITORIAL

WHO IS MAKING THE SACRIFICES?

OUR cover design this week is a painting by our artist "Wep," from a poster now being used extensively by the British Government.

It tells its own story—a story for all civilians who feel they are making sacrifices because they are "suffering" from the economic accompaniments of war—high taxes, shortages, discomforts.

But are these sacrifices? What of the airman forced down in the sea—scanning the horizon for help, aware that the enemy may find him, that succor may never reach him?

Soldier, sailor, airman, merchant marine, the tale of the men who DO make sacrifices is a long one. A grand saga, it will echo down the ages wherever free men and women foregather.

There is no wealth but life. There is no sacrifice to compare with that of the men who are shedding their blood that we may be free.

But there is a sacrifice akin to that. For every man who gives his life there is a woman to whom his life is dearer than her own.

Mothers who send their sons away, parting from them with the high courage of a smile; wives whose valor matches that of their men; sweethearts putting aside without flinching all the rich promise life holds for young love. These are they who have a right to talk about sacrifices. But do they? Of course they don't.

Day by day they go on with unflagging courage. Managing homes, mothering children, enduring discomforts, knitting, nursing, forming war-savings groups, doing all the countless things that go to make up a woman's life of loving service.

From them come no complaints. To them nothing matters now but victory.

Such women—and that means the majority of Australian women—have earned the right to demand certain things of the Government. A united war effort, the end of self-seeking jobbery for political power. A fair deal in pay, pensions, and living conditions for the men who fight and for their dependents; intelligent planning for a post-war world in which a woman may bear children free of the dread spectres of war and want.

Every day this right is becoming more widely recognised by Parliament, Press, and people. In post-war Australia the sphere of woman's influence will be immeasurably widened.

Women, whether doing the most humdrum domestic tasks, or serving in more spectacular ways, are now fashioning a pattern which they will expect to be implemented after the war. It is a pattern that will give them an important place and a big say in the future.—THE EDITOR.



SOVIET'S MOST FAMOUS SNIPER, 26-year-old Ludmila Pavlichenko. She is credited with having "destroyed 309 enemy officers and men, more than any other Russian sniper."

Highest Soviet award for girl snipers

The highest of all Soviet honors, the title "Hero of the Soviet Union," has been conferred on two Russian girls, Natali Kovshova and Maria Polivanova.

Here is the inspiring story of their heroism, told in a special cable to The Australian Women's Weekly by one of their countrywomen.

By TATYANA TESS. Cabled from Moscow.

IN the grim autumn days of 1941, Maria Polivanova and Natali Kovshova volunteered for the Soviet Army, then falling back towards Moscow.

They had previously graduated from a snipers' school and attended Civilian Defence Society classes.

Twenty-nine-year-old Masha and 21-year-old Natasha, as they were called for short, were the only girls in the regiment.

Masha had the face of a quiet and dutiful little girl, while Natasha's sharply-etched eyebrows and lips indicated great inner strength.

Both girls were snipers. For hours they lay in the snow awaiting the appearance of a tiny German figure in the distance. Each of them had been known to kill as many as 15 enemy soldiers in a day.

The regimental commander, Major Dovner, wanted to transfer both girls to the rear for their services. They came to beg him let them stay in the line and suddenly burst out crying.

They had never been known to weep before. They did not cry when they were wounded, or when they were cold, or from fatigue. It had been difficult to imagine them weeping.

Now they were both crying their hearts out, begging not to be sent to the rear. So the regimental commander let them stay.

Masha and Natasha became liaison agents.

This meant that during the battle each one of them had to crawl towards battalion or company commanders to learn of the military situation and plans and crawl back to report to the commanding officer.

Real courage was needed to negotiate the few hundred metres to the front lines and back.

Military knowledge and a good memory were needed to seize the

situation quickly and retain the fighting commander's exact words.

Masha and Natasha were considered the best liaison agents in the regiment.

At the same time they continued to perfect their sniping skill.

They thought up clever traps and stratagems to catch the enemy. Both of them now trained other snipers, and as there are no shooting galleries at the front the girls offered their pupils real targets for practice.

The men in the regiment loved these two girls like sisters, and were proud of them as heroes.

Heroic stand

IT so happened that a small sniper group which included Masha and Natasha engaged far superior enemy forces.

The unequal battle was fierce and protracted. The group fought with truly Russian courage.

The Germans paid dearly for their every step forward, but the Soviet group was steadily decreasing in size and ammunition was running low.

Finally only Masha, Natasha and Private Novikov remained alive.

Both girls were wounded, their Tommy-gun discs were empty. Hand-grenades were all that remained.

Novikov had neither ammunition nor hand-grenades, and lay prone pretending to be dead.

The Germans shouted "Surrender!"

"Curse you! Has a Russian girl ever surrendered to you?" Natasha shouted back and hurled a grenade. Masha followed her example.

Their bodies were later found surrounded by a ring of dead enemies.

A few days ago the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. conferred the title "Hero of the Soviet Union," the highest honor in our land, upon Natali Kovshova and Maria Polivanova.

Interesting People



LIEUT.-COL. KATHLEEN BEST
... A.A.D., A.A.M.W.S.

FIRST woman appointed to Adjutant-General's Staff, Australian Army, Lieut.-Colonel Kathleen Best is now Assistant Adjutant-General Women's Service. She served in Middle East as matron of 5th A.I.F. General Hospital and was awarded Royal Red Cross for her work in Palestine, Greece, and Eritrea.

On her return to Australia was appointed controller of V.A.D. in military hospitals, and later controller of Australian Army Medical Women's Services.

Her new position will deal with administrative matters affecting members of Women's Army and Medical Women's Service.



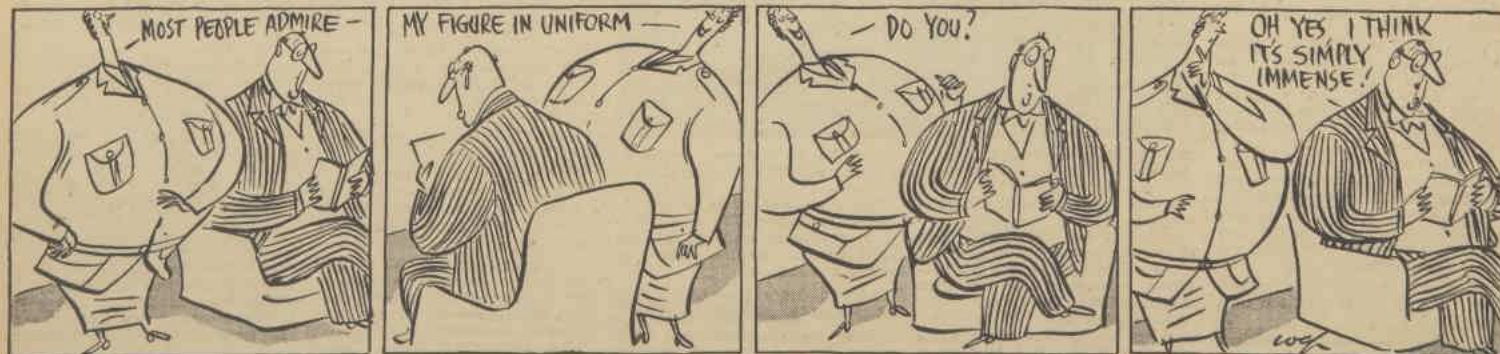
MR. GAVIN LONG
... War historian

FORMERLY war correspondent with British Army in France and with A.I.F. in Middle East and New Guinea, Mr. Gavin Long has been appointed editor of official history of Australia's part in present war.

In collaboration with Australian War Memorial Board and other Government departments he will draw up provisional scheme for the history for submission to Commonwealth Government.

Will have assistance from other writers to hasten completion of the history after the war, and will himself write two or three volumes.

Is son of late Bishop Long and graduate of Sydney University.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP



SERGEANT W. DAWES shows his progress in making felt toys to Mrs. A. G. Rees, supervisor of the craft section, Red Cross Centre, 113th A.G.H.



SAPPER GALE demonstrates the use of the velocipede saw in the carpentry section of the Occupational Therapy Department of the hospital. Muscles from foot to hip are exercised this way.

Handicrafts help to heal sick soldiers

In military hospitals, nobody laughs at "chaps doing fancywork"

By
Marjorie
McGregor

"Hey, Bill," calls a six-foot soldier, formerly a lorry driver. "Lend us a bit of your red thread. I want to finish this penguin before my kid comes this afternoon."

THE scene is an Australian military hospital, and the one-time lorry driver is a soldier recovering from wounds received in the Middle East.

This wounded soldier, who formerly would have regarded making felt toys as a "sissy" occupation, is typical of hundreds of men relieving the boredom of long months in hospital by a new interest in handicrafts.

"Gee, it used to make me laugh to see the chaps here with their fancywork when I first came in," one of them said. "Now I wouldn't be without it myself."

These soldiers were engaged on handicrafts taught them by the Red Cross at 113th A.G.H., New South Wales.

It is one facet of the co-ordinated work in military hospitals which supplements the care of the physician and surgeon.

Other aspects of this work are occupational therapy and vocational guidance.

In the Occupational Therapy Department, conducted by Major Ethel Francis (under Army control), the crafts are taught for specific medical purposes.

The delighted grin of the first soldier I met was a glowing tribute to the work.

He was Corporal Frank Field, and he sat quietly at a table playing with a ball of plasticine with his right hand.

"Look at this," he said, and moved his fingers back and forth. "I was pretty downhearted when they told me to come to this department. Got my shoulder smashed in action at Alamain."

"When I came back I couldn't move my fingers at all, and after an operation I was sent here. It seemed pretty silly to me to have to play with plasticine, but my fingers are coming on fine."

Other men were weaving at looms, making cane baskets, punching leather work.

"They are allotted to crafts designed to re-educate muscles and are supervised so that they do not develop any 'trick movements'."

"We don't worry about the correct technique in the crafts," Major Francis told me. "If it is necessary to get a process backwards in order to get the right muscles into play, we teach the men to do it that way."



JOHN WILSON (left) weaves a scarf, and Bill Smoothey makes a woollen mat. Both are of the R.A.A.F.

Two men played badminton, which exercises the muscles of the arm. Private J. H. Farrell, father of a 20-year-old soldier son, broke both bones in his forearm at Moresby.

His opponent, Lieutenant K. Fletcher, of Armidale, was wounded at Sanananda.

"I was seven months in New Guinea," said Lieutenant Fletcher, "and didn't even get malaria. Then at Sanananda I got a machine-gun bullet through my elbow. Can't straighten my arm yet, but the badminton helps."

Teachers in training

OCCUPATIONAL therapy is used also to help men whose mental balance has been disturbed by war. Excitable cases are given work which calms them, those who have lost interest in life find stimulation.

Three members of the A.A.M.W.S. who are on the staff of the department assist in teaching the men, and students from the Occupational Therapy Training Centre in Sydney visit the hospital to do part of their training.

Doing equally good work in another sphere, the craft section of the Red Cross centre has outgrown its rather cramped quarters.

A new building, erected near the

Centre, will house the hundreds of men being taught crafts by Red Cross voluntary workers.

This section has been reorganised under the direction of Mrs. A. G. Rees.

Besides the usual weaving, felt toys and cane work, it now includes bookbinding, the making of glove puppets (marionettes), wooden toys, and fabric printing.

Mrs. Rees is enthusiastic about the new classes in design.

"We wanted to get away from the stereotyped kookaburras and so on," she said, "and working out their own designs adds enormously to the soldiers' interest."

In one instance—leather-plaiting—soldiers have taught the voluntary helpers something.

Former bushmen showed their teachers how to plait leather for whip handles, and the knowledge has been passed on to other soldiers.

Shortage of materials has taxed the ingenuity of craft workers.

"We are experimenting with dyed string as a substitute for seagrass in chair seats," said Mrs. Rees. "Osiers, found in many parts of New South Wales, and some water-grown rushes are a substitute for cane. Country branches of the Red Cross gather these and dry them for us."



PRIVATE TOM PALFREYMAN, former blacksmith's striker, working on a cane basket in the Occupational Therapy Department, 113th A.G.H. His left hand was injured by a machine-gun bullet. This work helps him recover free finger movement.

In the medical officer's opinion," she said.

"I see every patient in the hospital and find out where his interests lie, and his educational and occupational history. Then I get his ideas about his future plans."

"Armed with the medical history, I then see the Army psychological section and arrange for an aptitude test."

"A personality estimate is also taken into account."

"A man reported as being suitable for skilled mechanical work, for instance, would be advised to use his time in hospital to brush up his mathematics."

"We have a warrant-officer attached to Army Educational Service to instruct men who are unable to come to the centre, and when the men have learnt a craft which they can do in bed they often spend most of their day at it."

Corporal Fred Rivers, of the Fleet Air Arm, a survivor from H.M.A.S. Canberra, was making a toy dog for his seven-year-old son when I visited the ward.

As one would expect of a sailor, his cigar box of cottons was a pattern of neatness.

"My sewing was limited to buttons before," he said.

"Country branches will help too in the open season for kangaroos, by obtaining kangaroo hide for leather thonging."

Voluntary helpers visit the wards to instruct men who are unable to come to the centre, and when the men have learnt a craft which they can do in bed they often spend most of their day at it.

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Learning new jobs

VOCATIONAL guidance work is of great importance in helping a soldier to find his job in another section of the Service or in civil life.

Injuries may prevent him from returning to the same section of the Army, or his old job in civil life.

At No. 1 Australian Army Orthopaedic Hospital, Victoria, Miss Nancy Bowman of the Red Cross has been on the job of vocational guidance for some months.

"The first thing to be considered

"Another patient had been a laborer. An injury to the left arm meant laboring was impossible for him. He said he would like to be a mechanical draughtsman, but he hadn't the necessary educational qualifications."

"We gave him a vocational guidance test and it was suggested that he should do watchmaking or dental mechanics."

"He has now been discharged from the Army with a pension, and is very keen to start work as a dental mechanic."

"The work is wonderfully interesting," concluded Miss Bowman, who holds the degree of Social Science of Victoria, and also the Almoners' Diploma of the Victorian Institute of Hospitals.

Women munitioneers do tough jobs cheerfully

Work more vital to Australia has drawn many from counter and desk

By JESSIE STEWART

Biggest job women have tackled in a Commonwealth ordnance factory in Victoria is the heat treatment of 250lb. bombs. About 80 women are now doing this arduous and important work.

They toil in a tropical atmosphere, manipulating electric cranes, and steering the red-hot bombs from the furnaces to the oil baths which cool them. Flames shoot up when the deadly "messages to Tojo" are eased into place.

THE women say it takes them about two days to learn the job but they are given a fortnight to get fully accustomed to it. By that time they can move with the steadiness and precision of a gun crew as the bombs are taken out by the crane and eased into the bath.

Their foreman is very proud of the fact that even in the change over from men to women workers the production lines remained steady and they have been maintained ever since.

The factory management would not have thought a year ago of employing women for such work.

"There are 120 different jobs done in this factory, and women are spreading through them in all directions," the manager said. The factory houses millions of pounds' worth of machinery, and its payroll runs into thousands.

"Eight months ago we began with a dozen women here," he said. "We didn't think there was very much they could do in an ordnance factory. Now we have hundreds, and the number is growing."

Mrs. E. Fawcett was working in the bomb bay. Formerly her only experience of heat was a gas oven. Now she manipulates those red-hot bombs as easily as if they were Christmas cakes.

She is fair and slight, with wavy, honey-colored hair, and a fresh complexion. She does not look old enough to have a son in the Services, but she has.

He has just transferred to the R.A.A.F., so he may be sending off some of these "messages to Tojo" that his mother is "cooking-up."

Hot spot

MRS. E. PEARSON, moving the bomb gently in its oil bath with the touch of an expert, said she had had other factory jobs—but this was the best.

"Feel you're doing something," she added briefly.

It's really hot in that bay. There's a whole row of gas-fed furnaces to "cook" the bombs in, and they let forth terrific blasts of heat when their huge covers are moved off for the bombs to be taken out.

There's a blast furnace at the other end of the shop. When its doors are opened there's enough heat to warm a city.

The girls just say, "It's hotter in New Guinea."

On a tour of inspection I saw Mrs. E. Cotchin driving an auto-truck and hauling goods from place to place anywhere in the maze of roads which traverse the factory area.

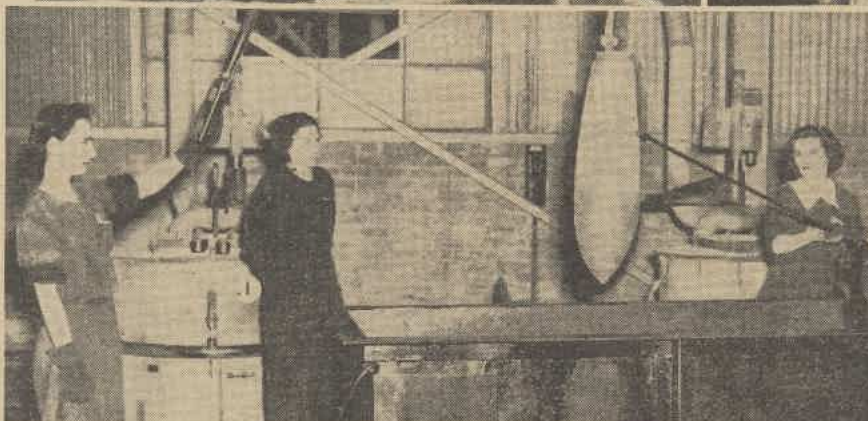
She finds it's easier than driving the family car.

In another big shop where huge machines are operated, Jean Harrison was perched thirty feet up, driving an overhead crane.

The foreman said in a burr that came from the homeland, "Jean is a real grid driver. Only been on the job a few weeks, too."

Jean's slinger is a Dutchman, and the Allies work easily and well

THIS LATHE looks complicated, but Zoe Allison likes working it better than operating a switchboard, which is the job she used to do.



STEADY! These three women manipulate huge 250lb. bombs from furnace to oil bath. This bomb is red hot. Miss Eileen Tighe (left) works the electric crane that lifts it. Standing by is Mrs. E. Pearson, and helping to steer it is Mrs. E. Fawcett.

together. Hand gestures signal the crane-driver when to lift or slacken, and when to move the crane.

Naturally this is one of the most responsible jobs in an engineering factory.

Women drive cranes that lift 12 tons, just as the men do. Jean's is a five-ton one, but the principle is the same.

She can scamper up a 30-foot perpendicular ladder as though she had been accustomed to clinging to rigging all her life. But she hasn't.

She is a country lass, and confessed that her knees knocked for half an hour after she climbed up the first time. Felt a bit trembly, too, when she was alone in the crane after being given a course of driving instruction.

She has been on the job five weeks now, and is much more at home in her lofty perch.

Other girls who have taken on this work—there are six at this factory—have had experience of heights in previous jobs or pastimes.

Rows of cream-painted lathes in another huge shop are operated by women.

Zoe Allison, one of the girls, thinks that forming and parting 20 mm. shells is more interesting than being a telephonist.

No wrong numbers for Zoe on this job!

She is a trim little figure in navy



RECREATION ROOM: Members of the staff and other residents at the War Workers Club in Victoria cheer on Miss Gladys Chung (left) and Miss Amy Richardson, in the finals of a ping-pong tournament.

blue overalls, with a bright blue cap on her head and a big oilskin apron tied round her waist to keep off oil splashes. She explained that her lathe formed the shell out of what is called "the stock." This is a bar of solid metal.

Former salesgirls

IN other munitions factories I talked to girls who have gone into this all-important job from quite different peacetime occupations.

Myra McCalman, smart, young Australian from a Victorian country town, told me her story.

"I came from a sales counter to Australia's oldest small-arms ammunition factory. I thought the place was big enough when I arrived two years ago. But the original factory seems to have been swallowed up since," she said.

"It felt a bit strange, but there's

always someone to show you how when you first start. I was in the packing-room at first. I suppose I've filled thousands of cartons with 303 ammunition, and I used to fill 26,000 cartridges into chargers in a day.

"I did this sort of work until a few weeks ago. Then I was moved into the factory on to a machine. The new job is trimming, so they call me a trimmer.

"It is not always easy, and you get tired of it, as you get tired of anything. But there's not much use having 'itchy heels' these days. They don't get you far. Manpower sees to that.

"I guess we're in for the duration like the Service boys."

Cella Hawkehaw, of Albury, who has also spent lots of time behind a counter, is an overlooker.

"We do a job formerly done by men," she said.

"I cut cordite into lengths for 25-



ON HER PERCH. Jean Harrison at the controls of a 5-ton crane. Her perch is 30 feet above the floor of the machine-shop of a big ordnance factory.

pounder cartridges. The cordite is made at another factory, but I start the operations that finish with complete 25-pounder rounds at our place.

"We had some girls in the other day, fresh from a big city store. Well, they were a bit puzzled for a while, and I guess we thought some of them a bit dumb, but now they're getting to be fast workers. It doesn't take long.

"Before long one of them will be training for an overlooker, and that means you have 15 girls to look after.

"We've taught girls from other factories, too, and other States. This place was making munitions before the 1914 war.

"We're among those who must be careful not to take in anything that contains metal. You can't even wear a bobby-pin in your hair, or have a nail in your shoe because a metal object might cause a spark.

"The knife that cuts the cordite is brass. It has a tiny steel blade with the least possible area exposed.

"Girls from all walks of life, you might say, are working here. I had a society woman in my bay for a while. But she was just one of us. She wouldn't allow her title to be used, and before long we were all calling her Mabel.

"She knew us all by our Christian names, too. She worked round the clock, although she is a grandmother. And if there was any heavy lifting to do, Mabel was there to help.

"Didn't try to keep her hands clean either. Just did whatever she was asked to do, on day or night shifts."

Home for these two girls is the Commonwealth War Workers' Residential Club, where more than a hundred girls and women engaged in munition work live.

It is a pleasant building, light and airy, with dark blinds for black-out purposes, as well as for sleeping in the daytime.

I've mentioned only a few of the thousands of girls who are keeping front line troops supplied with what it will take to drive the Japs back.

They're doing things no one dreamed that they could do. They are proving that women will stand beside their menfolk to fight for their homes, and for the things that make life worth living in this country.

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

THREE mighty planets—Mars, Neptune, and Uranus—are exceptionally active this week, while Jupiter does not lag far behind.

Fortunately, Mars and his friends should produce almost entirely beneficial radiations, promising a deal of general good fortune, mostly of a surprising, sudden or peculiar nature, to many Scorpions, Arians, Pisceans, Cancerians, and Aquarians, Sagittarians, Geminians, Virgoans, and a few unwary Pisceans, however, must exercise caution, discretion, and patience if they are to dodge difficulties and discord.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Your ruling planet, Mars, is in such a good position this week that benefits are possible. This is especially so on March 9 (from sunset onward). However, be cautious on March 10 (to sun up), March 12 (afternoon) favors you again. Avoid rashness all the week.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): The week favors you moderately, particularly on March 11 (to midday). But be cautious on March 10 and March 16 (all round dusk). A mixed week, needing discretion.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Be guarded in all matters now. You can get yourself into heaps of trouble. This is particularly so on March 12, when a surprise element may dominate the day, or misjudgments and forced changes cause trouble. March 15, when moods or depression can prevail, may also be troublesome.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): A week of opportunities if wisely utilized. March 11 (up to midday) very fair; also March 12 (mid-afternoon). March 15 (especially forenoon) good, but beware poor judgments. March 16 (around dawn and midnight) good, but sunset hours poor; balance fair. Plan well.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): A very ordinary week, though March 14 (morning) can be poor, and March 16 (around midnight) fair. March 10 and 11 poor.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Be on guard. Your stars are against you now, particularly on March 12 (worst around midday). March 15 is poor, too, and probably March 13 and 14. Avoid changes, discord, loss, upsets, and misjudgments. Routine best.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Uneventful days for most Librans, so routine advised. March 9 and 10, 14, 15 and 16 can each produce mild worries.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Be ready for anything this week, but strive with caution. Your planet, Mars, is active, and though bringing much help and action, also brings rashness and over-confidence. March 9 (late) and March 10 can be good, but be wary on March 11 and March 12 (early). March 13 (mid-afternoon) helpful; March 15 (morning) good, balance fair (around dawn and midnight) good, but poor around sunset. Balance of March 14 fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): A week for caution. Avoid changes, over-confidence, impatience, and extravagance, especially on March 10, March 11, March 13, and March 14. Routine work best now.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): March 11 (especially from dawn to midday) very fair; March 12 (evening) and March 14 to 16 somewhat poor.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): March 9 (evening) very fair, with surprise elements possible, but balance of March 10 (after 3 a.m.) poor, and March 11 tricky. Avoid contrasts, changes, and big decisions.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): A mixed week for most Pisceans. March 9 (from dusk) can be good, though somewhat surprising or unconventional. March 9 (early) and March 10 can be difficult. March 11 (to midday) good, balance fair; March 12 (forenoon) fair; March 14 (evening) poor; March 15 (especially forenoon) good; March 16 (around dawn and midnight) good, but poor during sunset hours.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, has cleared up a spy ring, and having returned **DR. GRIFF:** Famous scientist, to safety to continue his experiments on destroying planes in the air by electric energy, is contemplating a holiday. He is resting on a beach with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne, when a **STRANGE GIRL:** Rushes to the end of the breakwater, and jumps into the dangerous waters with the object of committing suicide. Mandrake, without hesitation, dives in and rescues her. NOW READ ON:



MANDRAKE SAVES THE STRANGE GIRL FROM THE SEA—



TO BE CONTINUED

SECOND BIRTHDAY FOR W.A.A.A.F. -Service now 15,000 strong



TELEGRAPHISTS. These trainees in the Women's Australian Auxiliary Air Force have completed a six months' telegraphy-training course and have reached a high standard of proficiency.

Members working in every part of Australia to release men for battle duty

The Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force is two years old this month. The tale of those two years is a grand success story.

In March, 1941, a handful of girls started work in three trades in the ground staff of the R.A.A.F. To-day 15,000 Waaafs work in 53 different trades, releasing R.A.A.F. men for battle duty.

DOMINANT figure in the success story is the Director of the W.A.A.A.F., Group-Officer Clare Stevenson.

Leisure hours are few for her. Enthusiastic, hard-working, direct of speech, and a keen fighter for what she considers necessary for the thousands of girls under her control, the Director of W.A.A.A.F. is an interesting personality.

"I was appointed Director in June, 1941," she told The Australian Women's Weekly in a special interview. "I had not sought the post, believe me, and it was a very frightened woman who reported for duty that cold June morning."

"You ask what the early difficulties were," she continued. "First we had to consider training methods and what picture of the Air Force should be given to our recruits on service."

"Well, my peacetime education and experience came in handy there. The basic principles of training are always the same."

"Second, there was the matter of clothing. The uniform had been chosen and a typically Air Force one it was, with the cap copied from the W.A.A.F. in the United Kingdom. That cap covers the head of English Waaafs, who wear ribbons of the Military Medal and other decorations won for bravery under fire."

"Then we had to consider other articles of clothing, what they should be and how many of each."

"Next came accommodation. We worked on the principle that the W.A.A.A.F. would have the same type of barracks as the airmen, with a little more privacy."

"Officers, of course, were necessary."

"On July 9, 1941, the number of airwomen was 203. These were highly skilled and had just been trained for their work, and we needed them so badly that they had to forgo their chances while we turned to the civilian world for our first new officers."

"Now, of course, most of our officers come from the ranks, in fact, 60 per cent. of all our officers were first-serving airwomen."

"We still need some from outside, especially people with knowledge of food values for Messing Officers."

Group-Officer Stevenson then dealt with the question of prejudice.

"Yes, there was a lot of that to overcome," she said. "I can quite understand a man's distaste for the entry of women into the Services."

"It had previously been chiefly a man's prerogative to serve his country in uniform, and some men don't like to subject women to hard work and hard conditions."

"But Australian girls can take it and have shown how cheerful and capable they are. Because of their competence and their cheerfulness they have melted away the male prejudice."

"It's a grand life in the W.A.A.A.F., a full-time job done with a clear conscience."

"The happy comradeship makes it a wonderful way of doing war service. A woman entering the service helps men in the Navy and Army, too, and also helps protect the civilian population, because this is a war in which air power has been the deciding factor in every campaign."

"It is this knowledge that makes



GROUP-OFFICER STEVENSON, Director of the W.A.A.A.F.

every airwoman and officer in the W.A.A.A.F. proud to be backing our men in the air."

Newest mustering in the W.A.A.A.F. is the band of 15 cinematograph operators finishing a training course of one month at an R.A.A.F. station in Victoria.

They will emerge as operators of 16-millimetre projection machines.

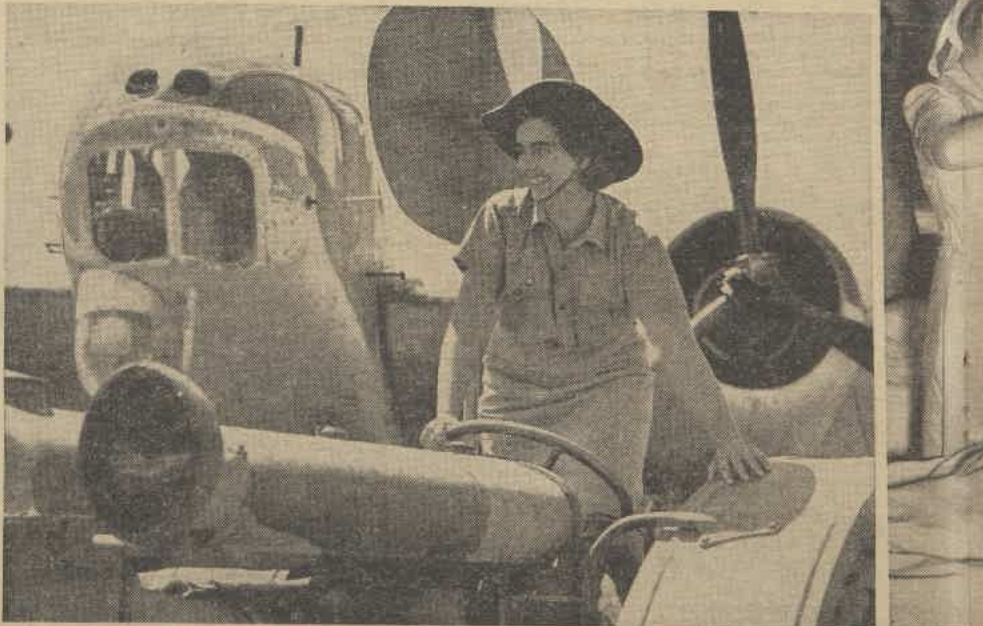
Very many sections of instruction for R.A.A.F. trainees can be helped by use of films.

The R.A.A.F. decided that each station should have its own projector and library.

Manpower difficulties for the operation of the projectors then brought the W.A.A.A.F. into the work.



WIND TEST. A.c.w. Margaret Gillam, of Meteorological Section at R.A.A.F. station, fills wind-testing balloon from oxygen hydrant.



TRACTOR. Waaafs in motor transport section drive tractors used on R.A.A.F. stations. Here is A.c.w. Joyce Skinner taking her position at the wheel. Girls are proud of their skill with these big machines.

Message to mothers of Waaafs

THIS is a short personal message to the mothers of the members of the W.A.A.A.F. You mothers, and fathers, too, should be proud of yourselves for what you've given Australia.

I see your girls in kitchens, in signals stations, in workshops and in Air Force orderly-rooms all around Australia. They've got grit and cheerfulness and they are efficient.

You must write frequently and you must write cheerfully to your A.c.w. wherever she is.

I suppose you know and really understand that without your daughter the R.A.A.F. could not function properly, that men couldn't be trained for air crews and skilled ground staff in such numbers if your daughters had not enlisted?

I suppose you know that if an enemy aircraft came over your home, the first person to give the warning as it approached the coast would be a Waaaf?

In this message, written on the second anniversary of the formation of the W.A.A.A.F., on behalf of the Air Force I want to thank you mothers and fathers for the fine daughters you have brought up and allowed to join the W.A.A.A.F.

Keep on backing them up!

Clare Stevenson

SICK-QUAR
hospitals



RELEASING BALLOON. A Waaaf assists F.O. A. Garrock at work of following flight of balloon to test wind currents. Girls love Air Force weather work.



DUMMY. "L.A.C. Wood" is used to test parachutes. A.c.w. Thelma Lloyd and A.c.w. Daphne Carr recover parachute when dummy lands. This is among the new jobs for Waaafs and is a distinctly strenuous one.



STORE. A.c.w. Muriel Quinn, from Cairns, hands tools to L.A.C. E. Dodson for plane repairs. Girls have expert knowledge of every item in store.



QUARTERS ATTENDANT. Waaafs do duty in R.A.A.F. Hilda. A.c.w. Hilda pours dose for A.C.I. Payne.



CINEMATOGRAPHERS. A.c.w. Harrie Towns (left) and A.c.w. Marjorie McDougall are among first in new mustering.



REPAIRS. Fabric workers mending a drogue (target) damaged during gunnery practice. Corporal Edna Coulton (left) and A.c.w. Valma Casey.

Crowe sat making up his mind, while the Apache rose and fell gently on the Mediterranean swell. When at last he rose, he had reached his decision to go after the gold, and it remained only to announce it to his staff.

The flotilla gunnery officer, the signals officer, and the navigating officer listened to him attentively. It was only a matter of a few minutes to decide on everything. Rowles, the navigating officer, measured off the distance on his dividers, while the others asked questions that Crowe could not answer.

Crowe had not the least idea how much gold there was in Crete. Nor could he say offhand how much a million sterling in gold should weigh. Nickleby, the gunner, came to the conclusion about that, after a brief glance at his tables of specific gravities and a minute with his slide rule.

"About ten tons, there or thereabouts," he announced.

"This is too weight, twelve ounces to the pound, you know," cautioned Holby, the signals officer.

"Yes, I allowed for that," said Nickleby triumphantly.

"But what about inflation?" demanded Rowles, looking up from the map.

Crowe left them to it. There was still a little while left before dinner, and he had to finish that letter.

The dark hours that followed midnight found the Apache in Merka Bay. She had glided silently in and had dropped anchor unobserved by anyone, apparently, while all around her in the distance were the signs and thunder of war.

Now Nickleby had slipped ashore in the dinghy to make contact with the Greeks.

"He's the deuce of a long time, sir," grumbled Rowles. "We'll never get away before daylight at this rate."

"I never expected to," said Crowe, soothingly. He felt immeasurably older than Rowles as he spoke, immeasurably wiser. Rowles was still young enough to have illusions, to expect everything to go off without delay or friction, something in the manner of a staff exercise on paper.

"The bombers'll find us, though, sir," said Rowles. "Just listen to that one going over!"

"Quite likely," said Crowe. "Here he comes now," said Hammett suddenly; his quick ear had caught the splash of oars before anyone else.

Nickleby swung himself aboard and groped his way through the utter darkness to the bridge to make his report.

"It's all right," he said. "The gold's there. It's in lorries hidden in a gully half a mile away, and they've sent for it. The jetty here's usable, thank goodness. Twelve feet of water at the end—took the soundings myself."

"Right," said Crowe. "Stand by to help Commander Hammett on the ship up to the jetty."

Merka Bay is a tiny crack in the difficult southern shore of Crete. It is an exposed anchorage, but it serves a small fleet of fishing craft in peacetime, which explains the existence of the jetty. From the village there runs an obscure mountain track over which, apparently, the lorries with the gold had been brought when the fighting in the island began to take a serious turn.

Crowe blessed the forethought of the Greeks while Hammett, with infinite care in the utter blackness, edged the Apache up the bay to the little pier, the propellers turning ever so gently and the lead going constantly.

Dawn was just breaking as they caught the loom of the pier and brought the Apache alongside.

There was a chattering group on the pierhead—four women and a couple of soldiers in ragged khaki uniforms. They exchanged voluble conversation with the interpreter on the gold deck.

"The gold's coming, sir," reported that individual to Crowe.

"How much of it?"

"Forty-two tons, they say, sir."

"Metric tons, that'll be," said Holby to Nickleby.

"Metric tons are as near as a touch to our ton," said Nickleby, irritably.

"Shut up!" broke in Rowles.

"Here it comes."

In the grey dawn they could see a long procession of shabby old trucks bumping and lurching over the stony lane down to the jetty. All except one halted at the far end; the first one came creeping towards them along the pier.

An elderly officer scrambled down from the cab and saluted in the direction of the bridge.

"We got the bar gold in the first eight trucks, sir," he called in the accent of Chicago. "Coins in the other ones."

"He sounds just like an American," said Rowles.

"Returned immigrant, probably," said Holby. "Lots of 'em here."

"Where do you propose to put the stuff?" said Crowe to Hammett.

"It's heavy enough," was the reply. "It's got to be low and in the centre line. Do you mind if I put it in your day cabin?"

"Not at all. I think that's the best place at the moment."

Certainly it was heavy. Gold is about ten times as heavy as the same bulk of coal.

The seamen who were receiving the naked bars from the Greeks in the lorry were deceived by their smallness, and more than once let them drop as the weight came upon them.

"Hardly decent to see that gold all naked," said Rowles.

The first lorry was unloaded by now, and driven away, its place being taken by the second. An unending stream of gold bars was being carried into the Apache. The second lorry was replaced by the third, and the third by the fourth. And then they heard the sound of dread—the high incisive note of a fighting plane.

It came from the direction of the sea, but it was not a British plane. Swiftly it came, with the monstrous unnatural speed of its kind; not more than five hundred feet above the water. They could see plainly enough the swastika marking on the tail and the crosses on the wings.

"Open fire," said Hammett into the voice tube.



"Yes, we're employing small waitresses now. They make the portions look bigger."

Crowe was glad to see that there was no trace of hurry or excitement in his voice.

All through the night the gunnery had been ready for instant action. The long noses of the 4.7's rose with their usual appearance of uncanny intelligence. Then they followed out, and along with their bellowing came the raving clamor of the pom-poms and the heavy machine-guns.

But that plane was moving at three hundred and more miles an hour; it had come and gone in the same breath, apparently unhurt.

"It's calling the bombers this very minute," said Holby, savagely glaring after it. "How much longer have we got to stay here?"

Crowe heard the remark; naval thought had not changed in this respect at least, that the first idea of a naval officer should be now, as it had been in Nelson's day, to get his precious ship away from the dangerous shore and out to sea, where he could find freedom of manoeuvre, whether it was battle or storm that threatened him.

"That's the last of the bars, sir,"

called the English-speaking Greek officer. "Here's the coin a-coming."

Coins in sacks, coins in leather bags, coins in wooden boxes—sovereigns, louis d'or, double eagles, napoleons, Turkish pounds, twenty-mark pieces, dinars—the gold of every country in the world, drained out of every country in the Balkans, got away by a miracle before the fall of Athens and now being got out of Crete.

The bags and sacks were just as deceptively heavy as the bars had been, and the naval ratings grinned and joked as they heaved them into the ship.

The first lorry full of coin had been emptied, and the second was driving on to the jetty when the first bombers arrived. They came from inland, over the hills, and were almost upon the ship, in consequence, before they were sighted. The guns blazed out furiously while each silver shape in turn swept into position and came racing down the air, engines screaming.

At the last possible second the leading plane levelled off and let go its bomb. Crowe saw the ugly black blob detach itself from the silver fabric at the same second as the note of the plane's engine changed from a scream to a snarl.

The bomb fell and burst in the shallows a few yards from the Apache's bows and an equal distance from the pier. A colossal geyser of black mud followed along with the terrific roar of the explosion. Mud and water rained down on the Apache, drenching everyone on deck, while the little ship leaped frantically in the wave.

Crowe heard and felt the forward warp that held her to the jetty snap with the jerk. But he noted with satisfaction that bombs dropped in shallows of a few feet did not have nearly the damaging effect of a near miss in deeper water.

The second plane's nose was already down and pointing at them as the Apache swung to her single warp—Mortimer was busy replacing the broken one.

Crowe forced himself again to

Continued from page 5

clearly visible. Nose first, it smashed into the sea close into the shore.

It was a moment or two before Crowe was able to realise that the Apache was temporarily safe; one bomber had missed and the other two were destroyed. He became conscious that he was leaning back against the rail with a rigidity that was positively painful.

A little sheepishly he made himself relax; he grinned at his staff and took a turn or two along the bridge.

Down on the main deck Mortimer had made fast again. But somehow one of the containers of the gold coins had broken in the excitement. The deck was running with gold; the scuppers were awash with sovereigns.

"Leave that as it is for now!" bellowed Hammett, standing shoulder to shoulder with Crowe as he leaned over the rail of the Apache. "Get the rest of the stuff on board!"

Crowe turned and met Hammett's eye. "It looks to me," said Crowe, with a jerk of his thumb at the heaped gold on the Apache's deck, "as if this would be the best time in the world to ask the Admiralty for a rise in pay."

"Yes," said Hammett shortly, with so little appreciation of the neatness of the jest that Crowe made a mental note that money was apparently a sacred subject to Hammett and had better not in future be made a target for levity. But Hammett was looking at him with a stranger expression than even that assumption warranted.

Crowe raised his eyebrows questioningly.

"There's mud on your face, sir," said Hammett. "Lots of it."

Crowe suddenly remembered the black torrent that had drenched him when the bomb burst in the shallows. He looked down; his coat and his white trousers were thinly coated with grey mud, and it dawned upon him that his skin was wet inside his clothes. He put his hand to his face and felt the mud upon it; the damp handkerchief that he brought from his pocket came away smeared with the stuff; he must be a comic-looking sight.

He tried to wipe his face clean, and found that his day-old beard hindered the process decidedly.

"That's the lot, sir!" called the Greek officer.

"Thank you," replied Hammett. "Cast off, Mortimer, if you please."

Hammett strode hastily back to the engine-room voice tube, and Crowe was left still wiping vainly at the mud. He guessed it had probably got streaky by now. He must be a sight for the gods.

Those idiots on his staff had let him grin at them and walk up and down the bridge without telling him how he looked.

The Apache vibrated sharply with one propeller going astern and another forward, and she swung away from the pier.

"Good luck, sir!" called the Greek officer.

"Same to you, and thank you, sir!" shouted Crowe in return.

"The poor devil'll need all the luck that's going if Jerry lays his hands on them," commented Nickleby. "Wish we could take 'em with us."

"No orders for evacuation yet," said Holby.

The Apache had got up speed by now and was heading briskly out to sea, the long V of her wash breaking white upon the beaches. Hammett was as anxious as anyone to get where he had sea room to manoeuvre before the next inevitable attack should come. Soon she was trembling to her full thirty-six knots, and the green steep hills of Crete were beginning to lose their clarity.

"Here they come!" exclaimed Nickleby.

Out of the mountains of Crete they came, three of them once more, tearing after the Apache with nearly ten times her speed.

Hammett turned and watched them as the guns began to speak, and Crowe watched Hammett, ready to take over the command the instant he should feel it necessary. But Hammett was steady enough, looking up with puckered eyes, the grey stubble on his cheeks catching the light.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"No, no, Mopsy, you don't remove the patient when you make the bed!"

The bombers wasted no time in reconnoitring. Straight through the shell bursts they came, steadied on the Apache's course, and then the leader put down its nose and screamed down in its dive.

"Hard-a-starboard!" said Hammett to the quartermaster.

The Apache heeled and groaned under extreme helm applied at full speed, and she swung sharply round. Once a dive bomber commits itself to its dive, it is hard for it to change its course with its target's.

"Midships!" ordered Hammett to the quartermaster. The bomb hit the water and exploded seventy-five yards from the Apache's port quarter, raising a vast fountain of grey water, far higher than the Apache's stumpy mainmast.

"Well done, Hammett!" called Crowe, but so, as not to distract the man as he stood gauging the direction of the second bomber's attack.

The Apache was coming out of her heel as she steadied on her new course.

"Hard-a-port!" said Hammett, and she began to snake round in the other direction.

The crescendo scream was repeated, but this time the pilot had tried to out-think the captain of the destroyer. The bomb fell directly in the Apache's wake and not more than forty yards astern. She leaped madly at the blow, flinging everyone on the bridge against the rail. And the pilot, as he tore over the ship, turned loose his machine-guns; Crowe heard the bullets flick past him through all the din of the gunfire.

The Apache was coming round so fast that soon she would be crossing her own wake. The third bomber was evidently so confused that he lost his head, and the bomb fell farther away than the first one did. Now all three were heading northward again, pursued vainly for a second or two by the Apache's fire.

So they were safe now. They had taken the gold and had paid nothing for it.

Crowe looked aft to where a sailor began to sweep the remaining gold coins into a little heap with a squeegee, and he wondered whether any destroyer's scuppers had ever before run with gold.

Then he looked forward, and then down at the crew of the 50-calibre gun. It was with a shock that he saw that one red-haired sailor was dead. He had been thinking that the Apache had escaped scot-free, and now he saw that she had paid in blood for that gold.

A wave of reaction overtook him. Not all the gold in the world was worth a life. He felt a little sick.

And then his sickness passed. Forty-two tons of gold; millions and millions sterling. Hitler was starving for gold. Arab would buy the allegiance of Arab tribesmen or neutral statesmen, might buy from Turkey the chrome that he needed so desperately, or from Spain the alliance for which he thirsted. That gold might have cost England a million other lives. Through his decision England had given one life for the gold.

It was a bargain well worth it.

(Copyright)



FIRST R.A.A.F. NURSES to arrive in New Guinea. L to r: Sisters E. M. Weber (Rockhampton, Qld.), N. Gardner (Port Macquarie, N.S.W.), A. T. Cleary (Cambooya, Qld.), Senior Sister J. Wheatley (Bridgton, W.A.), Sisters E. A. Hamilton (Mackay, Qld.), and F. A. Ashbey (Parramatta, N.S.W.).

Nurses praise spirit of our men in hospital

"The men are absolutely grand, and it is a pleasure to work for such fine people," writes Sister Beatrice Pollard, in the Middle East, to her family in Melbourne.

Two nurses write from the Middle East and New Guinea in this week's letters from the Services.

"AUSTRALIA should praise heaven for her sons," Sister Pollard continues.

"I have admired them always, as you know, but after this my love and respect know no bounds.

"All the Services seem to have done a good job, and this is not omitting our own.

"A medical service that can get the men back to us, not really very long after battle, in such good order as these men arrived has learnt its job.

"When the men reach us they are well-fed, clean, their dressings well packed, their anxieties regarding personal possessions allayed. Having

been well equipped for the journey they arrive in reasonable comfort.

"They are settling down now and picking up the threads a bit.

"We had a long discussion yesterday morning, about 5 a.m., while I was in the middle of duties, about who was most suitable for Father Christmas, and where we could put the tree."

Sister U. Lombell to Mr. James Hogan, 15 Lyall St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.:

"I AM on night duty for a month and it is nearing midnight as I write.

"Many are the weird noises coming from the bush close by—mostly birds

THOUGHT THEY WERE BOMB HAPPY

"I AM having a change for a few weeks. I am working at a convalescent camp, where there are nurses.

"We had the privilege of seeing women's faces, which we hadn't seen for six months. "It seemed more civilised to see women walking about.

"When we first came here we were put in a patients' tent with bed, mattress, and pillow-cases.

"The first night the nurses thought we were patients, and came to see if we were tucked-in.

"We thought we must be bomb-happy."

Pte. W. A. Clothier, in the Northern Territory, in a letter to his mother in Cherryville, S.A.

sounding like anything from an air-raid siren to a brass band.

"On arrival here we were put into trucks for the journey out to the hospital. It was very dusty, and when we arrived we were nearly as dark as the little fuzzy chaps who laughed at us along the road. "We were taken to have a cup

of tea in our mess hut, a native structure with grass roof, then found our tents where we live six in together.

"We have earthen floors with a few bags for mats, a few boxes to put things in, and, of course, tins to keep out unwelcome visitors which crawl.

"Our wards are of canvas made up of tents overlapping. No walls are needed because of the heat. But when it rains we are always likely to be flooded out.

"One day, after a terrific storm, a nearby embankment was washed

"JOAN," the only hen attached to an Army hospital somewhere in Australia. Sister Mary Haynes stands by with the frying-pan, ready to claim ownership of the egg, should Joan oblige.

away, the water rushing down the ward like a river. A dozen or so men dug us out, and fortunately the tent poles stayed.

"The patients looked so dreadful when we saw them first that I felt like crying. But they are all very brave and bright. There is a marvellous spirit of helpfulness. One feels very proud of them, and so glad to be able to come here where we are so much needed.

"Sometimes these chaps have walked, wounded and ill, for days to get here. Their endurance is amazing."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk and girls in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, airmen and women of the forces. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

A RATION OF FUN



"Don't look now, sir, but I think there's a mine winking at me."



RECRUITING OFFICER: Well, young man, and what do you want to be?
YOUTH: A returned soldier, sir!



"Oh, that's all right, I don't mind riding backwards."



SERGEANT: Why aren't you in your place in the march?
PRIVATE: Well, Sarge, I thought I'd sit this one out.

The Trucks Go Rolling

Continued from page 7

In a minute Dale saw him stoop and pick up something. "Hm! This is where it happened, all right." Quick exposed to Dale a chrome-plated ring about nine inches in diameter. Clearly it was the metal collar used to hold the orb of a headlight in place.

The deputy continued his search, flashing his torch here and there over the pavement, stooping at intervals to pick up debris. In the end he recovered sixteen separate fragments of headlight glass ranging in size from tiny splinters to one large ribbed section.

"Better take my advice," Quick urged, "and write that report of yours all over."

"That stuff's not off my car," Dale insisted. "It can't be."

"Easy matter to check up," Quick muttered. He looked sadly at Dale. Getting under his steering wheel, he turned his car around and drove back to Citrus City.

They reached the courthouse to find Deputy Clancy standing at the curb by Dale's one-eyed car. Quick handed him the metal collar and a paper sack filled with lens fragments. "See if they match his good headlight, Clancy."

Quick himself supervised the comparison. After studious minutes both men turned sternly to Dale. "The collar and glass on your right light's just like the stuff we picked up at the scene of the collision," Quick said. "It means we've got to hold you, Warren."

"You're charging me with manslaughter?" Dale gasped.

"In California we call it negligent homicide. Know anybody in town that could arrange bail for you?"

"I suppose Bruce Webb could," Dale said. Bruce had been a schoolmate of his, and was now practicing law in Citrus City.

"I'll ring him up," Deputy Quick promised. "He'll probably have you out by noon to-morrow."

"Noon," Dale protested. "I've got to be on the job at the Bowman Bomber plant by seven in the morning."

But Quick took his arm and started him toward the courthouse basement, where the jail was. "Sorry, Warren. I'll call up your boss and tell him you're detained over here on a traffic charge."

Dale spent a bitter night behind bars. By dawn he had reached two conclusions: that the guilty hit-and-runner was a resident of Citrus City; and that his own single hope lay in locating a third car known to have passed in the night—a car he had tried to flag down by shouting and waving his arms.

The occupants of that innocent car could testify that his, Dale's car, had had, minutes after the collision, two brightly-shining headlights.

"I thought of that myself," Deputy Quick said at eight in the morning when he came to pass a Citrus City Morning Trumpet through the bars to Dale. "So in reporting the case to the papers, I had them ask all motorists who went by the spot within half an hour of eleven o'clock to get in touch with my office."

Shortly after noon Dale was released on bail bond posted by Bruce Webb.

"Your trial won't be set for a week or so," Quick said. "That's all."

"What about my car?"

"We've impounded it for evidence," the deputy said. "Sorry."

Dale went out moodily to lunch, then went back to the west limit filling station and asked the attendant whether any other motorist had been about when he called out.

The man shook his head. "No. The place was like a morgue."

Dale's lips drooped in disappointment.

"But come to think of it," the night man added suddenly, "there was a car parked right across the street. It stopped for five or six minutes in the shadow of a big pepper tree over there."

"What did it stop for?"

"Dunno. And after you passed by he drove on. I really didn't see the car. I just heard it stop over there—just before you came up."

"Thanks," Dale hurried back to the courthouse and relayed this information to Deputy Quick.

Quick made a note of it, then

offered a little information of his own. "Might be a break for you, son," he said, returning to the tone of his earlier good cheer. "People have begun phoning in in answer to my request in the morning papers."

The deputy consulted a list. "All but one went by either too soon or too late. But the driver of one car says you tried to flag her down. She supposed it was someone out of gas and kept right on. Naturally a girl alone late at night wouldn't want to stop."

"A girl?"

"Yes. With rain running down her windshield you wouldn't have been able to see who was in the car. It was a girl named Rita Crail coming home from a Sunday visit at Long Beach. She's assistant librarian at the Citrus City public library."

Dale lost no time getting over to the library.

He found Rita Crail, a slim, fair, dark-eyed girl not over twenty-three. "I'm Dale Warren," he said.

"Oh!" She looked at him half curiously, half judiciously. "Of course, if I'd known what you wanted, I'd've stopped."

"How many bright headlights did I have?"

"Two, I think. It's very hard to be certain. I saw a man standing by a car on the road. He was waving his arms and shouting. That's all I really remember. But if the car had been one-eyed, I think it would have impressed me."

"Did you tell that to the sheriff?"

"Yes. He says it weakens the case against you, but that it's not conclusive."

"That makes me remember something," Dale brooded.

"What? Won't you all down, Mr. Warren?"

They moved to a secluded corner and sat down.

"I remember one thing about the hit-and-runner's car," Dale said. "Twin glows coming at me through the dark and rain. He roared by and I thought, 'He's taking a chance, that fellow. So if I saw twin glows it means the collision had not smashed out one of his own headlights.'"

"Yes, of course," Rita agreed.

"Now let's try to follow his mind as he drove guiltily on," Dale murmured half to himself. "He knew he'd hit a soldier and that the victim might die unless he got quick attention. He was too cowardly to give that attention himself; still, he'd naturally want the victim to survive, if for no other reason than to reduce his own penalty if caught. So what would he do?"

"He might stop at the first public telephone," Rita suggested, "and make an anonymous report to the police or to a hospital."

"An unknown car," Dale said, "did stop cautiously across the road from the first public phone. A filling station at the edge of Citrus City. If the attendant had been busy with a customer, our man might have crossed over to phone. But he couldn't risk being seen. Being stopped, he got out for a look at the front of his car. To see if it had dents or a smashed headlight."

"He found his headlights unharmed. Then I came along and yelled to the gas station attendant; I shouted for him to telephone the Good Friends Hospital to have a stretcher ready."

Rita stared. "But how could you prove that?"

"I can't. I'm just groping for possibilities. One is that the guilty man himself then drove to the Good Friends Hospital. At the deserted side entrance of the hospital he found my car. With a simple twist he removed the collar and lens from

one headlight. Then he drove back eight miles to the scene of the collision. And so to bed. With the police looking for a car with a smashed headlight, and with his own two headlights intact, he can now feel perfectly safe."

Rita frowned. "That's a pretty weak case," she said.

"It's probably haywire except in general pattern," Dale agreed. "But in pattern it's the only case there is—except the one against me. And I didn't do it."

She looked deeply into his eyes for a moment, then murmured, "I'm sure you didn't, Mr. Warren."

In the reading-room there were racks of all the current newspapers. Dale looked to see if the story had made headlines in Long Beach and Los Angeles editions. It had—only too vividly!

At the bomber plant next morning the chief engineer rather curtly told Dale to stay away until his case was settled. He moped round the rest of the day, lonely and depressed.

Next morning, however, his spirits lifted a little when Rita telephoned him urgently to come to the library. She greeted him excitedly:

"You read the case in all the newspapers because you are vitally concerned. Now who else is vitally concerned?"

Dale's eyes narrowed. "The hit-and-runner. He must have been on pins and needles ever since."

"Exactly! So for the last two days I've been watching my cus-

Dale himself went to the Citrus City Hotel, and found a pretext for examining Flint's car. It was without blemish.

In the hotel bar-room Dale found Hamilton Flint himself. Big, handsome, and broad-shouldered, the man stood at the bar amidst a circle of admirers. Dale bought a lime drink and posed where Flint could see him. The man's eyes brushed over him casually without reaction.

Returning to the lobby, Dale called Deputy Quick, only to learn that Flint had not been seen in Long Beach on Sunday.

At five-thirty Rita Crail joined Dale in the lobby. They went into the coffee shop and found a booth. "It looked like a good lead," Dale told her sheepishly. "But it didn't pan out."

They ordered sandwiches and coffee. "But it is odd," Rita insisted, "that he came in two days in succession to read through all those papers. He covered every single comment on the traffic case, and I don't think he looked at anything else."

A rumble came from Main Street, out in front. A rattle of heavy wheels passing by. "It's a troop movement," Rita said. "A whole division, they say. I had a hard time getting across the street. Oh, hello, Mr. Quick."

Deputy-Sheriff Quick appeared at the booth. "Hello," he said. "That car of Flint's hasn't a scratch, Warren. I looked it over again in case you'd missed anything."

"Ask him where it was on Sunday night."

"I did. I saw him in the lobby just now, as I came through. So I stopped and had a frank talk with him."

"What does he say?"

"He says he didn't drive his car on Sunday. Or any car, for that matter. He says he loaned his car to George Ballard on Sunday morning. Ballard has a two-acre farmlet, you know, about a mile west of the town."

"All right. Then why don't you check up on Ballard?"

Quick smiled. "I even did that, over the telephone just now."

Ballard says he used Flint's car on Sunday morning only. All Sunday afternoon it stood untouched in Ballard's driveway. Ballard and his wife say it was there still when they went to bed a little after eleven o'clock."

Rita said, "I know Mrs. George Ballard. She wouldn't tell anything but the truth."

Dale gave up. The case against Hamilton Flint, and against any user of Flint's car, had flamed completely out.

Then they heard the shrill cry of a bellboy in the lobby. "Call for Mr. Quick!" it said.

The page handed him an engraved card. Quick stared at the name on it—Hamilton Flint. Across it was written, "May I see you in the lobby?"

Dale looked at the card. "May I go along too? If it hasn't anything to do with my case, I'll fade right out."

"Won't hurt for you to meet him," Quick said. "Come along. You, too, Miss Crail, if you like."

They went into the lobby. In a bay facing the street windows there were over-stuffed leather chairs and in one of these, quite alone, sat Hamilton Flint. Flint was looking out at a string of military vehicles rumbling by. There were armored trucks in a long procession. Soldiers rode them, singing. It was an artillery unit.

Dale suddenly recalled, with a start, that the victim Sunday night had been an artilleryman.

Flint arose as they joined him. Quick presented Dale and Rita, Dale fixed steady eyes on Flint and said,

"I'm the man who took a soldier to the hospital on Sunday night." Flint met his gaze. "In that case," he said with a slight grimace, "you might as well hear what I'm telling Deputy Quick. You'll read about it in the papers to-morrow, anyway."

Was this a confession? Dale could hardly believe it.

They took seats facing the street. The trucks kept rolling by.

Hamilton Flint said to Quick, "This is likely to cost me a Congressional appointment. But here goes. On Saturday evening George Ballard and I went to Long Beach. We drove in my car. We got in a poker game that lasted from ten o'clock Saturday night till the same hour Sunday night. A twenty-four hour session. When that fact's publicized, the governor won't send me to Congress. Is it clear, so far?"

Quick murmured, "Personally I'm not interested in Long Beach poker games, Ham, if everything else is all right."

Dale's surprise grew. He still couldn't believe Flint had any intention of confessing.

"At dawn on Sunday," Flint continued, "George Ballard quit the game. He said he wanted to go home. I couldn't quit because I was the only heavy winner. Poker player's code, you know. So I told George to take my car and go home. He did. I played all day. The game broke up at ten Sunday night. I went out and called a taxi. 'Take me to Citrus City,' I said, and got in."

A taxi! Dale heard a gasp from Rita. The idea of a taxicab hadn't entered their minds.

"When a man gets up from a twenty-four hour poker session and settles down for a long, interurban taxicab ride," Flint asked them, "with rain drumming on the roof, what happens?"

"He goes to sleep," Dale said promptly.

"So I went to sleep. Slept like a dead man. Somewhere along the road a jolt woke me up. 'What was that?' I asked. 'I ran over a rock,' the taxicab said. He sped on. Seven miles later we came to George Ballard's cottage. It was dark, but I saw my own car parked in the drive there. 'Let me out here,' I said."

"The taxicab let me out. I remember he had two bright headlights. I got into my own car, and drove here to the hotel and bed."

To Dale it rang true. This case, he saw, was more logical than his own. The taxicab had to return to Long Beach, anyway, so he could drop a stolen headlight on the way and be personally alibied by his own good lights. Also any Long Beach taxicab would know where the Citrus City hospitals were.

"In the Monday evening paper," Flint went on, "I read about a killing on the highway. I remembered being jolted in the taxi. But the news account said a broken headlight had been found at the scene of the accident. And I remembered distinctly that the taxi had not lost a headlight. So I dismissed it from my mind. Or tried to."

"But it kept prying on me. I read all the papers to see if there was any new slant on that smashed headlight clue. If I talked at all I'd have to tell about that poker session. So I argued myself into saying nothing. Then, about fifteen minutes ago—"

Hamilton Flint picked up a Wednesday evening paper. "I read this," he said. "It's just another human interest bit about that soldier. Names his outfit. That outfit—" Flint waved towards the window. "If he'd lived, that boy would be riding one of those trucks right now. By morning he'd be on the high seas, off to fight for you and for me."

"I thought, 'What a cheap cheat you are, Ham Flint, thinking about your own miserable little ambition. The only thing that really counts right now, is that. Out there.' So I had you paged, Deputy."

"Can you take me to that taxicab?" Quick asked.

"Yes. I know his stand in Long Beach."

"Let's go," the deputy said. He got up and Hamilton Flint followed him from the lobby.

Dale and Rita lingered in the lobby bay, looking out at the street. Neither of them said anything for a moment as the trucks kept rolling by.

(Copyright)



"Do you know you're wearing your wedding ring on the wrong hand?"
"Yes, I married the wrong man."

tomers. Every time a man came in here and took the papers off the rack, one by one, I noticed what items particularly interested him. Yesterday a man came in and looked through every paper. Always he put the paper back just as soon as he'd read comments on your traffic case.

"This morning he came back and did the same with all the Wednesday issues."

"Who is he?"

She lowered her voice. "His name's Hamilton Flint, and he has an especial reason for avoiding any unpleasant publicity. He's expecting an important political appointment. Our local congressman died recently. That permits the governor to appoint someone to fill the unexpired term. Hamilton Flint is a certainty, they say."

Dale nodded quickly. "I see. He'd be washed up if it came out that he'd just killed a soldier. Know anything else about him?"

"No, except that he's a wealthy bachelor and lives at the Citrus City Hotel."

"We can check on whether he drove home from Long Beach late Sunday night," Dale said.

"Let me know what you find out," Rita said eagerly.

Dale went first to Deputy-Sheriff Quick. The mild little officer listened, then shook his head.

"Still," he offered, doubtfully, "I don't mind calling Long Beach and asking them to find out if Flint was over there on Sunday. He's pretty important. If he was there on Sunday evening, somebody saw him."

Fashion PATTERNS



F3293. — Smart new frock for matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3293

F3274



F3274. — Attractive ensemble ideal for business girls. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5yds. and 2yds. for blouse, 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3226. — Young and flattering dressmaker suit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide, or 3yds., 54ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F1995. — This pretty blouse will bring new life to tailored suits. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F1868. — Charming little frock for girl 4 to 10 years. Requires 2yds., and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

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F3226



Special Concession Pattern

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Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

No. 1: Requires 2yds., and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.

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"LOLA" summer floral frock

THIS attractive frock is made in an allover floral crepe with predominating shades of cyclamen, sage-green, red, and blue. "LOLA" is designed with a flattering high neckline and gathered yoke, and the softly flared skirt features twin pockets.

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, ready to wear, 56/8 (13 cpm.); cut out only, 42/6 (13 cpm.).

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Postage, 1/9d.

HOW to obtain "LOLA." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.



Needlework Notions

Dainty Duchesse Set

● F324. — This dainty little Duchesse Set is available traced clearly on a good quality organdie in attractive shades of blue, green, pink, and lemon. It consists of a large centre mat and two matching small side mats. The attractive motif is worked in either stem-stitch or buttonhole, and is very simple to do. The edges are buttonholes, and cut when completed.

Price of complete set, 3/11, plus 41d. post.

Neat Suit for Small Boy

● F336. — This smart little suit is available traced clearly on a good, hard-wearing material named linette in attractive shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, ochre, and white. You may obtain the suit in contrast shades if desired.

The shirt is a neat affair with its turn-down, sporty collar, short sleeves, shoulder yoke, and gathered fullness. The trousers are straight and tailored, and a self belt finishes the waistline. In sizes 1 to 6 years.

Sizes 1 to 2 years, 3/11 shirt, and 3/11 trousers. Plus 41d. post, and 9 coupons.

Sizes 2 to 4 years, 4/2 shirt, and 4/3 trousers. Plus 41d. post, and 9 coupons.

Sizes 4 to 6 years, 4/6 trousers. Plus 41d. post, and 9 coupons. Paper pattern priced at 1/4.



F333

Child's Petticoat and Bloomers

● F333. — This little set is available in rayon crepe-de-chine, in attractive shades of pink, blue, and white. The slip is straight and plain, with dainty embroidery motif for working. The bloomers are full and well-fitting into a waistband, and gathered at the legs.

Made in sizes 1 to 6 years. Sizes 1 to 2 years, 8/11, the complete set. Plus 61d. postage, and 5 coupons. Sizes 3 to 4 years, 9/11 the complete set. Plus 61d. post, and 5 coupons. Sizes 4 to 6 years, 10/6 the complete set. Plus 61d. post, and 8 coupons. Paper pattern priced at 1/4.



F324

F336



Film Reviews

★★★ THE FOREMAN WENT TO FRANCE

(Week's Best Release)

Tommy Trinder, Constance Cummings. (Ealing.)

ONE of the best films to come out of England, this film is a sincere and moving drama based on the real-life adventures of Melbourne John, a British foreman who went to France after the German conquest to get back some important machinery for England.

The story was written by J. B. Priestley. The film is acted finely by Tommy Trinder, whose occasional comedy enlivens the drama, Clifford Evans, and Constance Cummings. The cast also includes Robert Morley playing a mayor.

The dialogue is effective—and unaffected. The scenes, most of which are laid in France, are vivid—particularly noteworthy being those pathetic treks from bombed districts to safer areas. This is an honest, touching film.—Lyceum; showing.

★★ THE FOREST RANGERS

Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard. (Paramount.)

A PATCHY show, glorifying the forest rangers, with a superb setting of America's great timberlands.

The story is a bit involved and overlong, but some of the techni-



WHEN MARY ASTOR joined the Civil Air Patrol, she was fingerprinted at the Los Angeles office of the Aero Squadron. With her are Helen Pearsall, an aerial nurse, Frank Clarke, film stunt pilot, and Captain Claude Morgan, of the U.S. Army Air Force.

color shots are impressive in their grandeur.

Fred MacMurray looks rather ill at ease as the big, strong outdoor man, and has a harassing time keeping an over- affectionate wife, Paulette Goddard, and an unsuspecting sweetheart, Susan Hayward, out of the path of the forest fires.

Both girls do well in stodgy roles, and provide plenty of decoration. There are some brief flashes of humor from Lynne Overman as Fred's housekeeper, and Eugene Pallette as Paulette's father, and Albert Dekker does well in a brief appearance.—State; showing.

★★ TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT

George Montgomery, Maureen O'Hara. (Fox.)

BASED on the United States Congressional Record, this is a stirring story of early West Point Military Academy days.

It depicts the adventures of ten young cadets whose spirit and courage enabled the academy to survive at a time when opinion was rife that a college could not produce fighting men.

In between the rigorous discipline of the college, cadets John Sutton and George Montgomery vie for the affections of Washington socialite (Maureen O'Hara).

Laird Cregar steals acting honors as martinet commander of the academy.—Mayfair; showing.

★ THE MUMMY'S TOMB

Lon Chaney, Elyse Knox. (Universal.)

A FAR-FETCHED horror film, featuring a strong cast which deserves better opportunities.

John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are teamed to provide a brief romantic interlude, and Lon Chaney looks suitably hideous in his horror make-up.—Capitol; showing.

★ THE MISSING MILLION

Linden Travers, John Warwick. (GBD.)

IF you're an Edgar Wallace fan you will probably find mild entertainment in this murder mystery.

There are a few half-hearted attempts to enliven the gruesome sequences of the film with light humor. Linden Travers and John Warwick make the most of indifferent material.—Civic; showing.

Shows still running

★★★ (plus) *Gone With the Wind*. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in a compelling drama of Civil War.—St. James 3rd week.

★★★ *Reap the Wild Wind*. Glorious technicolor adventure of 1820's Florida with Goddard, Miland.—Prince Edward; 11th week.

★★★ *Mrs. Miniver*. Heart-warming war classic of England with Greer Garson.—Liberty; 24th week.

★★★ *Hatter's Castle*. Cronin's intensely dramatic tale brought to life by Robert Newton and Deborah Kerr.—Embassy; 5th week.

★★ *Palm Beach Story*. Exhilarating marital comedy with Claudette Colbert.—Century; 6th week.

★★ *Week-end in Havana*. Frothy musical comedy that teams Alice Faye, John Payne, and Carmen Miranda.—Regent; 5th week.

★★ *They All Kissed the Bride*. Light-hearted comedy with Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas.—State; 5th week.

★★ *Vanishing Virginian*. Charming Old-World story, featuring Frank Morgan, Kathryn Grayson.—Victory; 4th week.

★★ *Belle Starr*. Gene Tierney in Civil War story.—Plaza; 2nd week.

Women in slacks... stars at variance

Cabled from Hollywood by Viola MacDonald.

WHEN Dean Nora Power of the Louisiana State University decreed that only thin girls would be permitted to attend classes in slacks, she started plenty of discussion among the Hollywood stars, many of whom have popularised the fashion.

Paulette Goddard, who never wears them, said, "Good for the Dean. Slacks are an abomination. Shorts are all right, but skirts infinitely better. Women just aren't built to wear trousers." Gene Tierney, who only wears slacks at home, thinks that the most important feature is immaculate tailoring.

Curvaceous Betty Grable, who adores slacks, says: "Who's going to say when a girl is fat, or when she's pleasingly plump?"

Both Alice Faye and Veronica Lake approved of all girls wearing slacks, because they are trim and practical in wartime.

WARNERS preparing to film Irving Berlin's stage hit, "This is the Army," with an all-soldier cast, are putting up tents all over the lot to house three hundred and fifty soldier-actors. The soldiers must keep up their army duties, and while being filmed they will drill and practise combat tactics . . . and they will receive army pay.

LANA TURNER and her mother have taken a ranch 50 miles from Hollywood, and will remain there until June, when Lana's baby is due to arrive.

MRS. SPENCER TRACY has founded a clinic to teach parents of deaf children to understand problems of their handicapped youngsters. The clinic is named "John Tracy Clinic," after the 18-year-old deaf son of the Spencer

Tracys. John now thoroughly enjoys life owing to the patience and understanding of his mother. The clinic is situated in the grounds of the Southern California University.

GARY COOPER and Ingrid Bergman will star together in Warners' "Saratoga Trunk." Ingrid, who wears a black wig, looks like a handsome young boy.

HAVING finished her role of blind girl in Charles Boyer's production of "Flesh and Fantasy," Gloria Jean is now starring in "Say, Can You Swing?" This gives her the opportunity of a grown-up singing and dancing role. Gloria, who is now seventeen, has one of the loveliest figures in Hollywood.

IRENE DUNNE has been selected for the coveted role in Metro's "White Cliffs of Dover." Roddy McDowall will be co-starred.

THE American Office of War Information is planning a factual film of life in Chicago. This is in order to counteract the influence of former gangster films, which give an entirely wrong impression of America. Ben Hecht will write the story, and Edward Robinson is signed for leading role.

DON AMECHE is out of luck. His four children, Donny, Ronnie, Tommy, and Lennie are all in bed with chicken-pox.

Success of youthful radio debaters

"Youth Speaks" Prize Contest

Station 2GB recently offered a prize of £10 for what it considered the best list of ten interesting topical subjects that could be debated in its session "Youth Speaks."

The prize was won by Mr. Mathews, of Woy Woy.

THE competition proved clearly that the older generation is taking a definite interest in what the youth of to-day is thinking, and many of the subjects submitted by them, along with the winning list, will be incorporated in future sessions.

Incidentally, those who doubted the ability of the schoolboys of to-day to discuss intelligently and contemporaneously such subjects as "That world disarmament is impracticable," "that the school examination system is not a true test of ability," and "should horse and dog racing be prohibited in wartime" have had to admit being agreeably surprised by their wit and wisdom.

Of course, the opinions expressed by the young men do not necessarily represent their own views. Luck may have it that they are chosen to debate on the side opposite to which their sympathies lie, but the important thing is that they are able to express both the pros and cons of subjects of wide interest.

The session has also fired the ambitions of other youths to take the air as debaters; with the result that it has been decided to select ten young men and choose a team week by week.

The young debaters are not told the subject of debate until an hour before they face the microphone. Therefore, they cannot consult text or reference books, although, of course, they have the opportunity of making notes to help them present their arguments.

Another alteration has also been

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB



Every day
from 4.30 to
5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, March 10:
Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, March 11:
Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, March 12: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.

SATURDAY, March 13:
Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Couplets."

SUNDAY, March 14: "Roaming the Wide Range."

MONDAY, March 15: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, March 16: Musical Alphabet.

made to the session. Originally the chairman was chosen from the boys themselves, but now John Dease has been appointed permanent chairman.

The broadcast of "Youth Speaks" is made from 2GB at 8 o'clock every Friday night.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



ARUNDEL NIXON

"King of the Cads"

★ Recovering from a severe attack of "Microphobia."

★ The most talked of man in radio back on the old beat again.

★ Conducting once again his mid-day and Sunday afternoon sessions from

2GB

Special Board of Trade Patterns

Styles sponsored by the British Government and air-mailed to The Australian Women's Weekly.

This is the second of our series of patterns styled by famous English designers.

F22

F9

F6

F16

F23

F6.—Simply tailored style with bracelet-length sleeves and shirtmaker bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 2/7.

To obtain these patterns see addresses on page 29.

F22.—Youthful style with scalloped yoke and revers. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 2/7.

F16.—Immaculate and slender fitting suit, tailored to a T. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern 2/7.

F9.—Casual, button-down-the-front frock with two patch pockets and tailored neckline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 2/7.

F23.—Ultra-flattering style with figure-hugging bodice and graceful skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 2/7.



W.A.N.S. INSPECTION. Lady Wakehurst, accompanied by Mrs. D. Mann (director of canteens), makes a formal inspection of the W.A.N.S. Mobile Canteen crews at the E. Sydney Technical College.



RED CROSS AUCTION. Mrs. Hector Clayton and Mrs. Gregory Blairland catalogue donations to Red Cross auction to open March 7. Inquiries, ring B5049.

On and Off DUTY.

SPECIAL prize is added this week to prize list of Fighting Forces Art Union, bringing total prize money to be won up to £10,370.

Special prize is a duplex flat building valued at £2870, and will be drawn directly after first prize, which is block of flats valued at £8250.

Returned Soldiers' League, War Veterans' Home, and Legacy Club War Orphans' Appeal benefit from the Art Union, which will be drawn on April 29.

Secretary Mr. Fred Taylor tells me committee anticipates that proceeds of Art Union will complete £50,000 appeal launched last April by Legacy Club. Will also found the new R.S.L. Fighting Forces Club, and will pay maintenance for new extension of War Veterans' Home.



MEETING IN BRISBANE. Mrs. E. Bennett Bremner, A.I.F., and his wife, Assistant Section Officer, when they all met in Brisbane recently.

Heard Around TOWN

STRIPED umbrellas and tables dotted on lawn are major attraction at new American Red Cross Officers' Rest Club. Club has been crowded since its opening a few weeks ago.

Club director Mrs. Sally Whitaker tells me that in first ten days they had 1305 officers and guests in the club.

CHANGE in personnel at Letters From Home office, Post Office Chambers, George Street. Miss Ruth Courtland is new secretary, and Mrs. Ralph Kell, who is already known as "Chiffey" to members, is new treasurer.

HOPE WESTON, secretary at Y.W.C.A. War-time Auxiliary, leaves this week to join the W.R.A.N.S. Rosemary Budge takes over her job at Y.W.C.A.

YOUNGER SET committee of the Allied Soldiers' Club busy totting up numbers of tickets sold in art union run to raise funds for club.

Secretary Edith Bothwell tells me winning ticket will be drawn at the club on March 17.



A.I.F. WEDDING. Bombardier Perse Rainsford, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Aronka Lake, leave St. Philip's after their wedding.



KISS FOR BRIDE. Mr. H. C. Kerr kisses his daughter Betty outside St. Mark's after her wedding to Lieut. Bryan Gibson, A.I.F.

NEWEST club for servicemen is the Dominions Recreation Rooms, 13 Bridge Street, which is being run by committee of business girls. Each night 20 girls go down to the club after they finish at the office and work in the club.

President, Mrs. S. M. Stokes, Dorothy Thornhill, and Elsie Cox head energetic committee, which is making grand success of their new venture.

Voluntary pianists provide music in the ballroom every night, and there are ping-pong tables, reading and writing rooms, and card tables set about the club.

Sandwiches and light refreshments are served at the club, which is open every day from 3 p.m. to 10.30 p.m.

Committee have decided to hold fortnightly "Dance Band Night," first of these to be held this Saturday.



£800 DRIVE. Mrs. John Dease, and Jean Souler, of Air Force House Younger Set, who are planning £800 drive to open new wing at Air Force House.



CATHEDRAL WEDDING. L.A.C. and Mrs. Thomas G. O'Brien smiling at friends as they leave St. Mary's Cathedral after their wedding. Mrs. O'Brien was formerly Carmel Clynne.

ALREADY 45 members in newly-formed Anti-Aircraft Searchlights Women's Auxiliary, which has taken room 112, Strand Arcade, where all relatives and friends of searchlight crews are invited to call, are anxious to build up comforts fund for anti-aircraft boys.

Mrs. F. Barrett, president of the auxiliary, tells me she is requiring 100 screw-top jars, so anyone who has any to spare would be welcomed with open arms at the auxiliary rooms. Books, magazines, games, and comforts of all kinds are also requested.

LIEUTENANT AND MRS. BRUCE

AMES spend few days in town before Bruce's leave expires. Mrs. Ames, who before her recent marriage was Winifred Gambrell, goes to spend fortnight in town near his A.I.F. station before returning to her job in Sydney.

TICKETS in guessing competitions for Red Cross were sold at Budgetary show which the Royal Zoological Society of N.S.W. holds at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax.

Mrs. Stuart Doyle and daughter Marie among enthusiasts who attend show. Mr. Fairfax, who has enormous aviaries in lovely garden at Elaine, takes visitors through the aviaries after they have inspected array of cages in the show.



CARD PARTY. Mrs. H. Honegger, Mrs. E. K. White (president), at the card party at Endeavour House for the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children.

MARIE TAYLOR, of Strathfield, wears lovely diamond solitaire to announce her engagement to Gunner Bede Loneragan, A.I.F.

Marie is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Taylor, of Strathfield, and Bede is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis I. Loneragan, of Bondi, formerly of Strathfield.

AT Red Cross Divisional Meeting Mr. D. Clarke, Red Cross representative, told of interest in classical literature taken by wounded soldiers on hospital ship.

"One of them asked for 'Dante's Inferno,' and proved to us he'd read it by finding typographical error half-way through the book," he told the meeting in his report.

"However," he smiled, "their interest in classical literature doesn't prevent them from devouring every thriller in the library."

MR. S. FERRIN, in charge of Red Cross Book Depot, 195 George Street, tells me padre recently returned book to depot, saying he had found it in a street in Durban. He recognised the Red Cross label and brought it back with him.

Current books and periodicals urgently needed for the depot.

SAPPHIRE ring for Nettle Kennedy, whose engagement to Captain Monte Arnold was announced recently.

Nettle is busy trousseau-shopping, and she and Monte will be married as soon as he gets leave.

Betty

While you work ...

HERE are some smart "on active duty" togs designed by Rene

• Headgear for factory girls miraculously manages to be practical and charming. The attractive visor turban features a fitted back snood to keep long hair out of the way. Another style has an upstanding peak in front and crushes down over hair at the back.



• Briskly tailored, yet ultra-feminine coveralls made of sturdy cotton. Note the capacious pockets and ankle straps to prevent slacks from catching in machinery. Note, too, the cheery flashes of color. In pre-war days you would have included these overalls and slacks in your holiday wardrobe. Now they are ready, like the women they clothe, to do an important job of war work.

Rene

Smart coverall for American war workers

● American fashion experts are tackling energetically the problem of designing working clothes for the thousands of women now employed in war industries.

MANY firms have called in designers to devise special uniforms for their women workers. Among these is the Sperry Gyroscope Company, New York, makers of gyroscopes and bombsights, whose girls wear attractive "streamlined coverall."

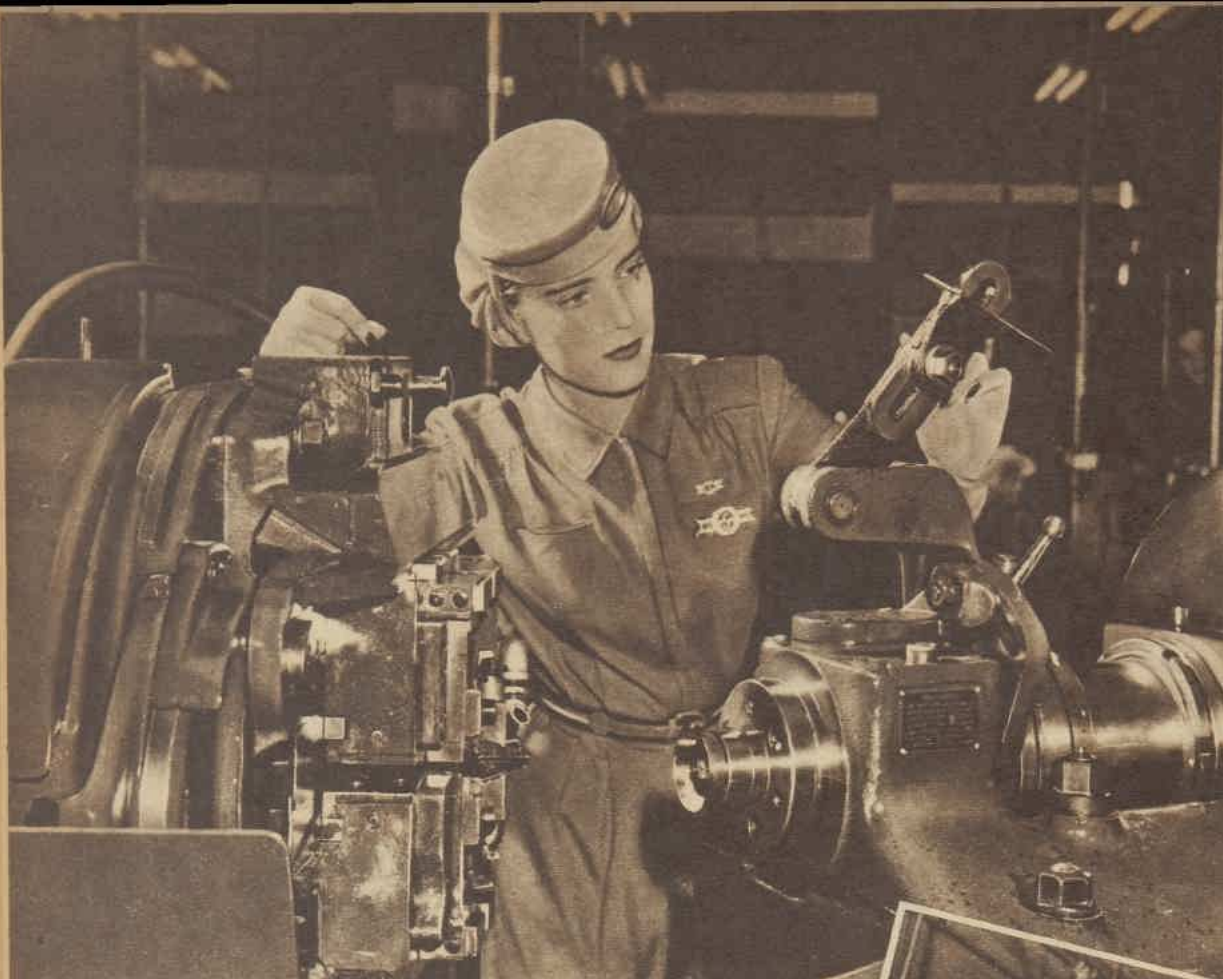
The women workers were asked their ideas on various features.

Ideas embodied in the model chosen, and asked for by the women workers, included a snug belt "to accentuate slimmness," and a collar shortened at the back to keep out of the way of hair.

Other requests were elimination of pockets in the trousers "because they make us look larger in the hips"; front and back creases in the trousers to be stitched in; and that the garment be one-piece with the front section designed in one piece, "darted to keep all extra material from making us appear larger through the midriff."

To go with the coverall, a leading designer created a hat of the same material, which protects the hair from contact with moving machinery, and adds to the costume.

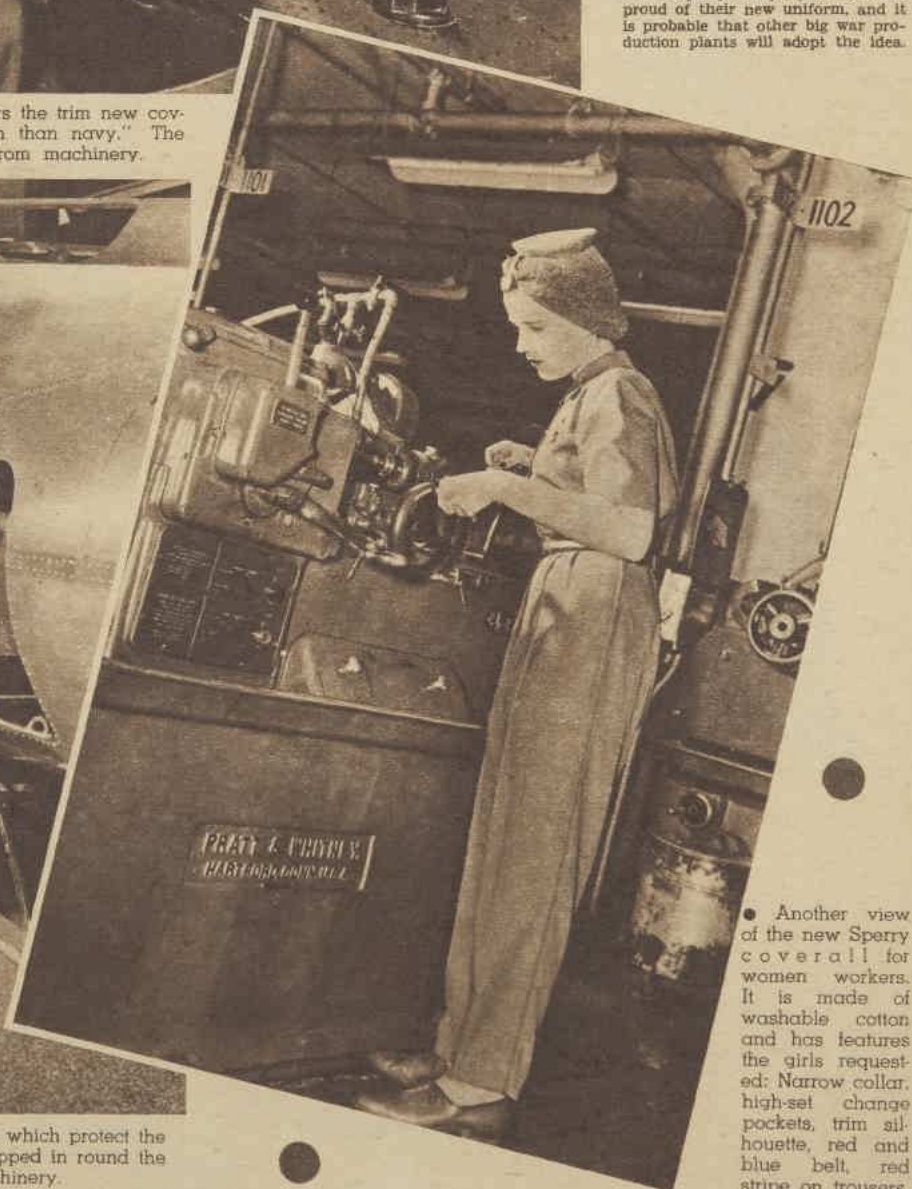
The Sperry Company workers are proud of their new uniform, and it is probable that other big war production plants will adopt the idea.




● A pretty employee of Sperry Gyroscope Company wears the trim new coverall work uniform in blue "lighter and with more bloom than navy." The matching hat has a snood effect to protect the hair from machinery.



● This variation of the Sperry coverall shows long sleeves which protect the arms of riveters and welders. The trousers are firmly stoppered in round the ankles to prevent catching in the moving machinery.



● Another view of the new Sperry coverall for women workers. It is made of washable cotton and has features the girls requested: Narrow collar, high-set change pockets, trim silhouette, red and blue belt, red stripe on trousers.



Hey, Jimmy — send him that one from us!

What made Hirohito think that Aussies were an easy mark? Was it because so many of our boys were away—slugging it out in other parts of the world?

Or, maybe he swallowed the story that we were complacent... Just good sports at week-ends and clock-watchers during the week... And so he struck.

Well, we're showing him...

Those of us who couldn't fight... clerks and housewives and just everyday working people... we, the great backbone of the country, went to war. Tackled tough jobs we'd never known before.

Salesgirls took their share on all-night shifts in munitions... starting work as their families went to bed.

Mothers left their homes and children — and went to work in mills.

Men, no longer young, took picks and shovels for the first time in their lives and hacked aerodromes out of the bush and built roads through scorching deserts so their sons could fly and fight and knock the daylights out of every slant-eyed son of heaven.

Our men and women did all this... average Aussies. And Australia's young industries hopped in right beside them.

Our machines went to war overnight.

Our Aussie industries, together with the courageous general public about which you never hear, have made Australia strong in war.

We are fighting like hell for Freedom — right beside that boy with the grenade. We've shown what courage and absolute trust in each other can do.

And that's all we'll need when this war is over to build the great Australia that must be, and shall be, his reward.

Bombs and Bond's Athletics

Jungle fighting demands its own vital cotton equipment. Mosquito-proof tents. Absorbent athletics and undershirts to safe-guard our boys in tropical heat and dampness. Many other items of cotton fighting equipment. All urgent — as bombs and bullets are urgent.

The people behind our machines have seen to it that every order has been completed — **ahead of schedule.**



BOND'S INDUSTRIES LTD.

Snapshots and Verse FROM Our Boys



WATER-LILY POOL near Darwin, where the troops hold swimming parties. Photo sent by Mrs. G. P. Hurrell, Victor Harbor, S.A.

THE CONVOY PASSES

Night's on the hill,
And a whispering rill
Trickles along, half asleep, in its bed.
Over the rise,
Through the star-spattered skies,
Slowly the round yellow moon lifts her head.

A wandering track
Lies uncoiled, like the slack
Of an old piece of string tossed
aside by the breeze.
And over it lean,
In their frayed cloaks of green,
Gnarled witches of gums, star-hung
shadows of trees.

Then more swiftly than a cloud
shade,
As it slips among the hill stones,
Ever swelling in its volume, like the
rising of the floods,
Comes the sound of trucks deep
down-weighted,
With their rhythmic panting pistons,
Pounding on through endless cycles
underneath once-streamlined
hoods.

And the weary engines splutter,
Till the friendly hill leans over,
And lifts the burdened trucks on
high against the starry strand.
While the old grey witches mutter:
"They have seen the cliffs of Dover.
They have faced the stinging on-
rush of the flying Libyan sand.

"Can't you hear her worn tyres
slapping,
As the leading truck draws nearer?
And listen to the sobbing of a
broken-off exhaust.
But in their days of scrapping
They have learnt a song that's
dearer
To drivers than the songs they sang
before their gloss was lost."

And so the dust cloud settles,
The last tail light stops blinking,
The ripples in the streamlet softly
sing themselves to sleep.
The old trees smooth their branches
And the stars resume their winking,
And alone the moon-bleached gum
trees their silent vigil keep.

—Cpl. J. D. Dickson.

THEY DARE NOT WEEP

MEN do not weep
For things of home. They
keep
Close locked within the heart
Memories which have no part
in this sad war.
The past becomes a treasured
store
A place to dream
Of safe, familiar things that
seem
To those at home so cheap.
Men do not weep
For faces loved, but bury deep
Beneath lightheartedness
Their loneliness and weariness.
And hard and cold eyed—
Suppress the softer self which
sighed
For home. Come quietness of
sleep
For men who dare not weep.
—Pte. Bernard Peach.



FRUIT FOR THE TROOPS obtained by barter in Port Moresby. Cpl. Ken Comber, second from left, sent the picture to his mother in Parkes, N.S.W.

REVERIE

Do not speak to me to-night;
I'm lonely for a far land,
And my heart is full of her.
That moon might understand—
For she, too, knows, beyond this
alien sea,
There is a place called home.

A sunny land, a wide and rolling
land,
With burnt-brown gums and myriad
mountain streams,
And friendly people, each with their
own dreams,
Their own thoughts,
And I am one of them.

Do not speak to me and break
my reverie.
To-night in memory,
I walk the same old roads I knew
so well,
In some brief yesterday.

On such a night as this,
Love woke to one shy kiss,
And the stars in one girl's eyes
Outshone the stars in the skies.
And together we walked those rose-
strewn paths
That lead through the garden of
love.
Do not speak to me to-night,
My thoughts are far away
Let them stray!

—Cpl. T. L. Stewart.

EPITAPH

There is no dawn; or if there is, I
do not see.
There are no dreams of peace, now,
left for me.
There is no time, for Time has
ceased; no day, or night, or
season.
And there is no reason to desire any
more.

Here, Bill, my clobber, sleeps; and I
may cry his name in vain.
For he will never wake again.
He sleeps eternally, upon the shores
of Fame, beside the Bay.

—Sgt. Ian Healy.



LEADING-SEAMAN MORRIS MULLARD, of Sydney, feeds the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, London.

Troopship

There's a line of khaki figures on the rail.
A thousand thoughts are speeding through
the pale
Of evening, darkening in the west
Where lies their land—their cities, homes,
And those they love the best.

The last light dips behind the heaving swell
And then, as if to break the spell
Of darkness in the hearts of homesick men,
The rising moon curves splendid from the sea.
The watchers stir, but sink to thoughts of
home again.

The boisterous billows toss
their flowing manes,
Wind howls in bowing rigging,
moonlight wanes
To sun-smeared east, cloud-
ridden wet.
And ships, zigzagging, from the
dark emerge
To stand in brave but frightened
silhouette.

—Cpl. W. D. Jones.



R.A.A.F. CONVOY from the Western Desert on its way to leave in Cairo. Sent by Mrs. M. E. Conte, Waratah, N.S.W.



A.I.F. SISTERS KATHERINE NEALE, Forrester, Saumon, Palmer in an orchard in the Middle East. Sister Neale has recently announced her engagement to Major Douglas Starrock.

L.A.C.

To-day I feel so happy,
My heart beats wild and free,
For the notice on the notice board
Says I'm an L.A.C.

It's set down there on paper,
It's down in black and white,
There's signatures and dates and things
To prove that it is right.

I gazed at it in wonder,
I almost had a bawl.
In a tear-choked voice I whispered
"Bless the C.O., bless 'em all."

I marched back to the station,
My step was light and fast,
For I've one foot on the ladder—
I'm about to climb at last.

So just one word of warning,
Before I tear away,
To all the heads at Air Board,
Look out! I'm on my way.

Written by a member of the R.A.A.F.
for L.A.C. T. M. Smith.



LAKATOI TRIP IN NEW GUINEA. Sent to Mrs. M. Atkinson, Balmain, N.S.W., by her son (kneeling, centre).

Wartime work for peacetime happiness . . .

Women in men's jobs save their earnings to build homes later

Women have quickly proved their efficiency at wartime factory benches, on farms and sheep stations, in transport work, in skilled mechanical work—in fact, in every job where they have taken the place of men.

All of them have gone into these new occupations for the same reason. They want to help win the war as quickly as possible.

BUT with the practical spirit of women they are looking a bit farther—to the plans they must make for after the war.

Nearly all of them are planning homes for their husbands to return to, or a good start in civilian life for sons in the Services.

"Aircraft come to us from battle areas, battered and torn, sometimes full of bullet holes, sometimes looking as if a steam roller has gone over them," said Miss Rosemary Archdeacon, sheet metal worker in an aircraft repair factory.

"I was a dressmaker until seven months ago. But I changed my job for one that would help all my friends who are at the war.

"In our repair factory we beat out the misshapen metal. We sometimes have to replace it with new sections.

"We see the broken-down planes completely repaired and sent back into action, and it's a fine feeling to know we are helping.

"It is heavier work than most of us were used to, but we like it because it is interesting and we know it's important.

Miss Archdeacon's brother is in the Army in New Guinea, and her fiancé is in an essential industry.

"I am putting money into war savings certificates, as all the other girls are," said Miss Archdeacon.

"We are planning a home when the war is over, and I want mine to be all electric—including stove and refrigerator.

"These are things very few of us working girls can afford in normal times when we marry, so if I can save enough for them my war job will have been doubly worthwhile."

Doing a man's job as a jackaroo on a big sheep station in Victoria is Mrs. Russell Lewis. She was married a few weeks ago to A.C.2 Lewis, who has just begun training for air crew in the R.A.A.F. after serving in the Middle East with the A.I.P. for two years.

"I'd had my own horse at home for seven years and I thought that Chico (though he'd been a former racehorse) and I might be of some use and do our bit," she said.

"We were both pretty green at first. I had to learn the jobs and Chico had to be taught, too.

"I'm out at the stable at 7.30. I groom and saddle Chico and in the



RECORDS OFFICE WORKER, Mrs. Bert Mudge, plans a home.



SALVAGE COLLECTORS, Mrs. M. Swan (left) and Miss M. Cowan, work from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m.



SHEET METAL WORKER, Miss Rosemary Archdeacon, repairs war-damaged planes.

morning we do about 30 miles of boundary riding.

"I check up the fences and mend them temporarily if necessary, watch out for sheep which may be down, and if any of the cattle have broken through the fence, I round them up.

"I've got two dogs to help me, Jill and a puppy I called Elita.

"Then I check over the water to see that the pumps are working, and fill the salt lick troughs.

"In the afternoon if we're doing sheep work I go out to the yards and help muster.

"I look after the vegetable garden and we have enough supplies for the house.

"I don't expect to go on with the job after the war. Russell and I are looking for some land near the sea, where we can build our own home."

Sun-bonnet and beach hat don't seem to go with a strenuous war job, but they are very practical wear for girls engaged in house to house collecting for the National Salvage Campaign.

Mrs. M. Swan and Miss M. Cowan drive many miles every day round several suburbs in a lorry drawn by Jimmy and London, two bay horses, to collect salvage.

Mrs. Swan, wife of a munitions worker, formerly worked in a can-



JACKEROO Mrs. Russell Lewis. Her husband is in the R.A.A.F.

ning factory, and Miss Cowan, who is engaged to Jack Hutchinson, of the U.S. Navy, was a waitress in a city cafe.

"We wanted to help the war effort, so we chose this," they said.

"We walk about five miles a day up and down garden paths to the houses.

"Our hours are 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. We collect two and a half tons of paper and cardboard a week, and know that very soon this is turned into boxes for cartridges and paper shell caps."

Both girls are putting their money into war loans. Mrs. Swan is planning a home, and Miss Cowan is saving for her trousseau.

A young wife who still awaits news of her soldier husband in Malaya is working at the Army records office, "to fill in the months of waiting and to help other women who have the same worries as myself."

She is Mrs. Bert Mudge, a country girl from Yass.

"Bert and I were planning to build our own house," she said. "We have the land near my family's home at Yass, and we both drew plans and exchanged them by mail.

"Then came the fall of Singapore, so we haven't yet been able to make final plans."

Mrs. Mudge belongs to a war savings group at her office, and saves part of her allotment towards her house.



... said Henry Lawson

"She's England yet; and men shall doubt no longer;
And mourn no longer for what she has been,
She'll be a greater England and a stronger—
A better England than the world has seen.
Our own, who seek not of a king's regalia,
Tinsel of crowns, and courts that fume and fret,
Are fighting for her—fighting for Australia—
And blasphemously hail her 'England Yet!'
She's England yet, with little to regret—
Ay, more than ever, she'll be England yet!"

Here's to Victory

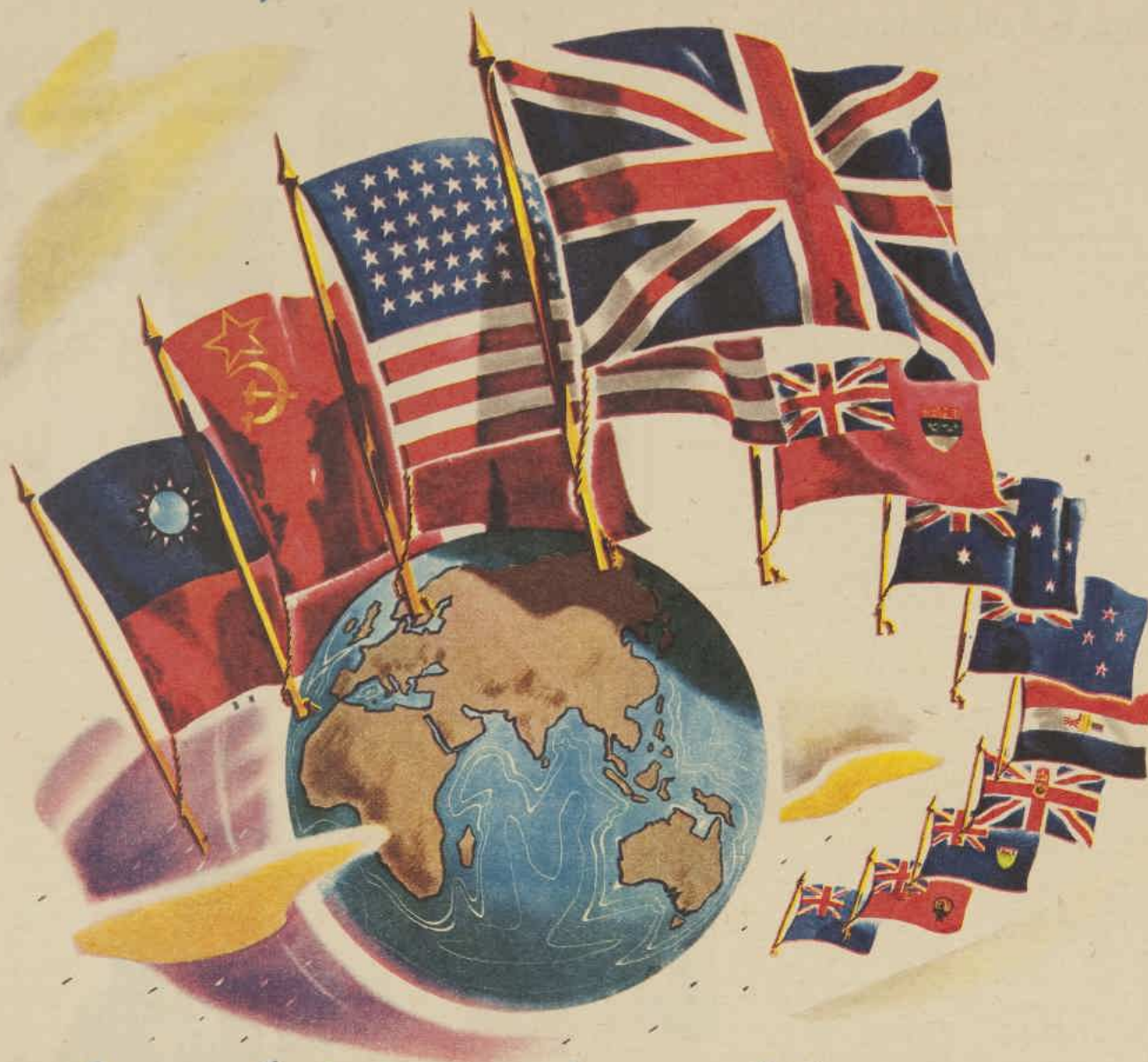
British Chief

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS



POSTWOMAN Mrs. Mackenzie, of Adelaide, wife of an R.A.A.F. man and mother of a two-year-old daughter, delivers letters from 6 a.m. to 4 p.m., walks ten miles a day, carries a maximum of 35lb. of mail.

1,500 MILLION PEOPLE



place liberty above life

They are the peoples of the British Empire, America, Russia, China and other Allied people who are partners in the struggle against the evil tyranny of the Axis.

These democratic people span the world: they tap its resources. They are linked together not only by kindred ideals but by sea-power and air-power for co-ordinated attack and defence at all points of the compass.

Behind these massed forces of liberty is their

industrial might, resting on inexhaustible supplies of raw materials, and on the superlative qualities of its products and of the men and women who make them. This is the front behind the front.

Throughout our Empire and Allied Countries are the men and women fighting the war in the home by austere living, in the factory by greater production, and on the battlefield with their blood.

We must all fight to preserve freedom from disappearing from this world. That is worth fighting for!

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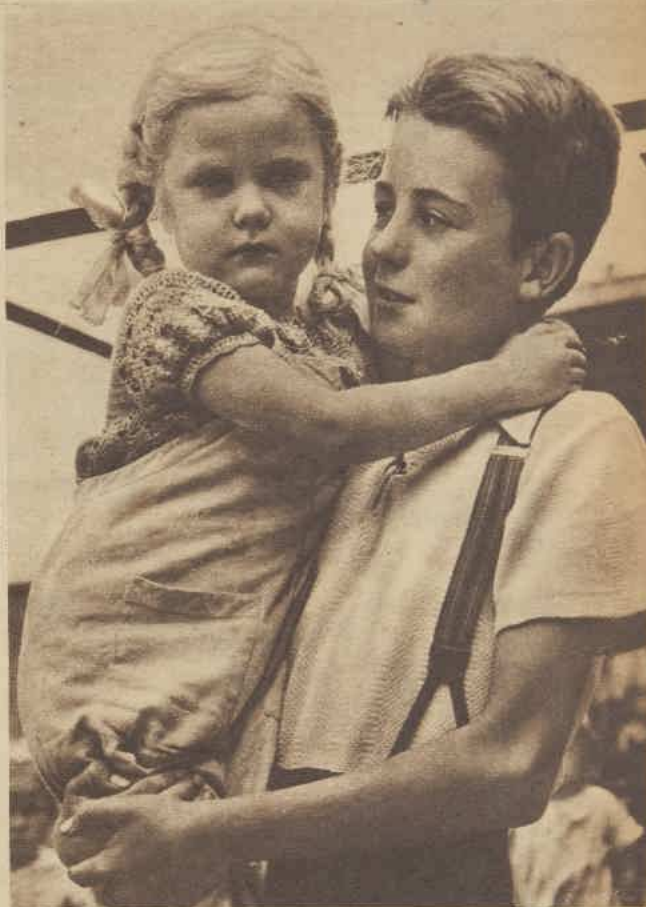
If mothers work, who will mind the children?



AUDIENCE for blackboard artist at a children's play centre. All their mothers are working.



ALAN, DENNIS, and GREG, sons of war-workers, in the wading-pool at Lady Gowrie Centre, Sydney.



KEVIN EGAN calls for his sister, Fay, at the day nursery, because their mother is at work. This is a regular job for many brothers.



RAY'S FATHER is a soldier and mother is at work. Ray spends the day at kindergarten.

Existing centres cannot cope with wartime needs

Hundreds of mothers are eager and willing to work in war industry.

But their first concern is their children, and at present all kindergartens, day nurseries, creches, and play centres are working to full capacity and have long waiting lists.

WHO will mind the children? This is the problem they must solve before offering their services for war work.

Some mothers have solved it by co-operating, and minding each other's children.

In Sydney alone provision for the supervised care of children will be needed for 76,000 if the maximum number of married women is to be given an opportunity to do war work. Present accommodation is for only 2000.

In England the Good Neighbors organisation was formed to give assistance to working mothers.

Child care authorities here say that this scheme would not be so effective as we have a much smaller population.

"If a motherly, understanding woman is willing to look after other women's children," one authority said, "she would be more help at a kindergarten or day nursery."

"By minding her neighbor's children she is helping only one mother, whereas at a centre she could look after at least twenty children."

"With a little training in the routine of centres and kindergartens these neighborly women could do wonderful service for the country."

"Lack of voluntary help is another problem, as many former helpers have gone into war work."

War has brought new responsibilities to child care organisations—supervision of the play hours of children between fourteen and sixteen whose mothers are working.

Play centres and kindergartens have extended their hours to provide after-school programmes for boys and girls who would otherwise wander round the streets till their mothers came home.

Several kindergartens remained open during the recent school holidays to assist working mothers.

The Kindergarten Union has made a survey throughout Australia on child care needs and facilities at present available.

A conference on child care in wartime has been held in several States.

The N.S.W. conference decided to ask the Federal Government to subsidise and widen the work of child centres throughout the Commonwealth, including country areas.

Already the investigation committee formed at the conference has taken up the task of surveying areas where children are a high percentage of the population and where there is a reservoir of womanpower.

It has drawn up a child centre code providing a minimum standard.

It provides that centres would be open from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. They would be so situated that mothers would pass by them on their way to work. As well as caring for the pre-school child the centres would care for older children before and after school, with library, hobby and technical facilities.



PAT, MARGOT, AND JOYCE at a play centre where 70 per cent. of the children's mothers are war-workers. Joyce's soldier father is overseas. Her mother is an Army nurse.



CRAFT WORK is taught after school hours. A voluntary helper, Mrs. McCredie, learned ceramic-craft specially, so that she could give lessons.

IT'S JEAN'S TURN NEXT!



The sight of happy children at play makes the war seem very far away . . . almost unreal. But it's just around the corner. And it is the fact of war—of a ruthless enemy almost within striking distance of our cities—that makes the work of the Kindergarten Union particularly important. The care of the children—the parents of many of whom are engaged in Australia's war effort—is surely very *real war work*. And this is what the Kindergartens are doing . . . caring for, teaching, and developing the minds and

bodies of the children of our densely populated industrial areas.

In their work, the Kindergartens have, in the past, been helped considerably by Masonite—the Wonder Board which has proved ideal for so many Kindergarten purposes, for slides, for furniture, for floors, for toys, and for innumerable structural purposes.

Masonite, naturally, is in tremendous demand for war purposes . . . so much so that civilian requirements cannot possibly be met before the end of the war. But you'll find it's well worth waiting for.



Presdwood . . . Tempered Presdwood
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Of course you can plan . . .

INSPIRATIONAL MEALS

● Keep up the morale of your family . . . keep them healthy and bright by serving meals that not only sustain and satisfy but are chockful of eye and appetite appeal. Planning is the secret of success. Just try—results will amaze you!

By OUR COOKERY EXPERT

AUSTRALIAN women are fast becoming nutrition-conscious. They have learned to memorise vitamins, count up calories, and follow faithfully the daily food pattern. Yet a meal which may be nutritionally adequate can fall short of dietetic standards if it is lacking in appetite appeal.

Color in food attracts the eye and adds considerably to its enjoyment. Brighten up your dinner plates by combining the red, yellow, and greens of fruits and vegetables, perhaps a grating of golden cheese on a green vegetable, a dusting of scarlet paprika on a cream sauce, a gay garnish of radish or blood-red tomato with the meat—be it hot or cold.

Flavor, too, is important. To relieve monotony the bland-flavored foods should be counterbalanced with the more piquant. A hint of onion or garlic in the daily salad; a suggestion of herbs to improve the homely stew; a sharp cheese for the rather bland white sauce; a sprinkling of sage for the baked pork, or horseradish for the pot roast of beef. Be rather sparing with herbs, but remember they can work magic with the plainer and more substantial foods.

And, thirdly, consider texture in

relation to appetite appeal. Include some foods in the menu specially chosen for their crispness . . . A crisp salad to pair with the main meat dish. A nutty topping to the sweet course, or even a change in the texture of the daily bread as rolls, fairy toast, or salad wafers. The following recipes are all selected for their appetite appeal:

TOASTED CHEESE NOODLES

(With seasoned meat balls)

Two cups cooked noodles, 1 cup milk, 1 egg or 2 teaspoons egg-powder, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch of cayenne, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon mustard—or mustard-mix.

Cook the noodles (or macaroni) in fast-boiling, salted water. Drain thoroughly and add the milk and flavorings, then the well-beaten egg and parsley, and half the cheese. Pour into a tin, which has been thickly greased and sprinkled with cheese.

Top with the remainder of the cheese. Bake in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (325 deg. F.) from 40 to 45 minutes. Unmould and fill the centre with seasoned meat balls, and serve immediately, garnished with parsley and radish roses.

Seasoned Meat Balls: Half-pound minced beef, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 onion (finely-minced), 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and cayenne, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, strips of bacon.

EVERY KITCHEN.

Like ours, should have a corner for the planning of meals, tabulating of recipes, and preparation of food lists. If your kitchen can spare you such a corner, make every effort to equip it in the interests of yourself and family. A small, gaily-painted table, shelf, and chair would serve for the duration—help you in the planning of inspirational meals.

Combine the beef, crumbs, onion, parsley, and sauce. Season to taste and bind with egg-yolk. Take teaspoonfuls of the mixture and shape into small balls. Place in a casserole and cover with 1 cup warm water, to which has been added 1 teaspoon of blended flour and a little caramel of Parisienne essence. Top with bacon and cook uncovered in a moderately hot oven (400 deg. F.) for half-hour.

SAVORY PIE

(With carrot whirles)

One pound chuck or skirt steak, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 sheep's kidney, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon finely-chopped parsley, salt and pepper, water.

Cut steak into one-inch squares and roll in seasoned flour, skin, and slice the onion, and add to the meat. Soak the kidney in warm water for half an hour, remove the skin, and chop finely. Place all in a saucepan, add the water and sauce, and simmer gently from 1½ to 2 hours. Place in a pie-dish, add the chopped parsley, and allow to cool before covering with carrot pastry.

Carrot Whirles: Four ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons finely-grated carrot, margarine, 3oz. good dripping, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon egg-powder (optional), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Sift together flour, baking powder,

and salt, rub in the fat and mix to a rather dry dough with milk and egg-powder. Turn on to a floured board, knead slightly, and roll thinly. Brush lightly with margarine and sprinkle with carrot and parsley. Roll up like a Swiss roll. Cut into slices about quarter-inch in thickness. Arrange overlapping on the top of the cooked meat. Bake in the upper half of a hot oven (450 deg. F.) from 10 to 20 minutes.

EGG AND SPINACH SCALLOP

One bunch spinach, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup milk, 3 hard-boiled eggs, soft, white breadcrumbs, butter, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, salt and cayenne.

Cook the spinach the waterless way, drain carefully, and chop finely. Melt the butter, add the flour, salt, and cayenne, and cook two minutes over a low gas. Add the milk and stir until the sauce boils and thickens. Place alternate layers of spinach, sauce, and sliced hard-boiled eggs in a buttered pie-dish. Cover the top with crumbs, dot with butter, and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) until the mixture is a golden-brown on top and thoroughly heated through.

HARMONY SALAD

(With mint jelly mayonnaise)

Three red apples, 4 pineapple slices, lettuce, 2 medium-sized tomatoes, celery curls, 2oz. cream cheese, chopped parsley, mint jelly mayonnaise.

Cut the top from the tomatoes and remove a small section through the centre. Blend the cream cheese with half the mayonnaise and stuff the tomatoes. Chill until firm and slice in three. Wash and core the apples, and, leaving on the red skins, cut into thick slices. Arrange alternate slices of red apples and pineapple rings on lettuce leaves. Surround with stuffed tomato slices and garnish with celery curls and chopped parsley. Serve with mint jelly mayonnaise.

Mint Jelly Mayonnaise: 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, pinch of cayenne, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 level teaspoon mustard (or mustard-mix), 1 level teaspoon salt, juice of 1½ lemons, 1 tablespoon chopped mint jelly.

Beat the egg and add to melted butter. Mix in with condensed milk and flavor with mustard, salt, and cayenne. Gradually add lemon juice and rind. Beat well. Stand aside about half an hour and add jelly just before serving.



COLOR, FLAVOR, AND TEXTURE have been combined for this gay salad platter, featuring scooped balls of watermelon and cantaloupe.

The Australian Women's Weekly—March 13, 1943

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WHILE DATES are available, use them in the daily salad—in deserts, cakes. Above you see Kathryn Grayson, MGM player, using a whole dish of dates. She likes them—uses them often.



ABOVE: A salad for health and beauty, comprising grated carrot, cream, cheese, tomato, nuts, and lettuce. All homemakers should serve a salad after this style every day in the year.

Eat your way to . . . HEALTH and BEAUTY

● These prize recipes from other readers will aid you in the serving of meals packed with good health. And jolly nice, too!

THIS week's prize-winning recipes were chosen especially for their health value.

The omelette suggestion, which wins first prize for Mrs. Thomson, of South Australia, is an excellent one. It should be as light as a feather, and yet nourishing and satisfying.

Mrs. Hand proves that in order to provide a good substantial meal with first-class building proteins, expensive cuts of meats are not necessary. Congratulations, Mrs. Hand.

Miss Lois Row does not discard any nutriment from the sweet potato. She scrubs, not peels, before cooking.

Realising the complete food value of cheese, Mrs. Mitchell, of Victoria, incorporates it in the recipe for cheese gems—we suggest you include them in the children's school lunch-box.

All other recipes published on this page should be kept by you. Serve them often!

Every week cash prizes are awarded in our popular recipe contest. Enter the family favorite now!

POLISH OMELETTE

Four eggs, 1 tablespoon minced ham, 1 dessertspoon mixed herbs (or chopped parsley), butter.

Separate yolks from white of eggs. Beat white to a stiff froth, beat yolks to a batter, add minced meat and herbs, and lastly the whites.

Heat the butter in a pan and when very hot pour in egg-mixture, cook evenly till the edges are pale brown. Slip knife under one half of the omelette, turn it over on to other half, cook another minute. Serve piping hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. B. Thomson, George St., Moonta, S.A.

CHEESE GEMS

One heaped tablespoon butter, 3oz. finely-grated matured cheese, 2 small eggs, 1 teacup of milk, 2 level breakfast cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne.

Beat gem irons. Cream butter well, add cheese, and cream well again. Beat eggs in one at a time and beat thoroughly. Add milk, but do not stir. Add sifted flour, salt, and cayenne all at once. Blend thoroughly. Grease gem irons, then put in the mixture in dessertspoonful. Bake at top of a hot oven for 7-10 minutes. Serve garnished with parsley. (Spread with butter as for gem scones.)

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. H. Mitchell, 108 Macallister St., Sale, Vic.

ICE-CREAM RECIPE

One tin sweetened condensed milk, 1½ tins milk (same tin), 1 pint cream.

Mix condensed milk and 1½ tins milk. Pour into freezing trays and allow to harden slightly. Whip the cream and add the frozen milk mixture. Return to trays. This makes two full trays. A mixture of water and milk can be used instead of all milk. Flavoring or coloring can be added if desired. Usually I have one tray of plain ice-cream and one flavored with 3 or 4 passionfruit.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to W. McAlpin, c/o Mrs. Cunningham, No. 1 Flat, 74 Crystal St., Petersham, N.S.W.



FOOD, good health, and beauty go hand in hand. Here is one of our service girls enjoying a luscious salad at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen. Note: She remembers her daily health rules, and includes a glass of milk and wholesome bread. Baked apple slice, topped with cream, finishes off the meal very nicely.

NECK CROP CASSEROLE (with Lemon Puffs)

One and a half pounds best end neck mutton chops, 1 large carrot, 1 large parsnip, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 cups stock or water, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Trim chops, roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Pack firmly in casserole, sprinkle with remaining flour and vinegar, pour over stock or water. Scrape carrot, cut parsnip into quarters, place on top. Cut onion in thick slices. Place around outside of carrot and parsnip. Put lid on and cook slowly 1½ hours. Remove lid, place puffs on top. Replace lid. Cook 20 minutes longer. Serve very hot with creamed potatoes and green vegetables.

Lemon Puffs: Sift 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt. Rub in 2oz. finely grated suet, add rind (grated) 1 lemon. Mix to light soft dough with ¼ cup milk. 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Turn on lightly-floured board, knead slightly. Divide into very small balls, place on top of contents in casserole. Cook 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Hand, 97 Liebig St., Warrnambool, Vic.

HONIED SWEET POTATO SLICES

Two pounds sweet potatoes, 1 cup butter or other shortening, 1 cup honey, 1 cup cornflake crumbs, salt, and cayenne.

Scrub potatoes and steam or cook in boiling salted water until tender, then drain. Peel and cut into thin slices, dip in warmed honey and toss in cornflake crumbs, seasoned with salt and cayenne. Place in buttered baking-dish, dot with remainder of butter and bake in moderately hot oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Lois M. Row, 16 Darley Street, Marrickville, N.S.W.

PEAR FLORENTINE

Peel 1½lb. pears and simmer until cooked. Heat 1½ gills milk and mix with 2 beaten egg-yolks and rind of 1 lemon. Cook carefully till it thickens but does not curdle. Then allow to cool.

Rub pears through a sieve and mix with the custard. Dissolve 1oz. gelatine in a saucepan with 1 gill pear syrup, and strain it into the pulp and custard. If not sweet enough add a little sugar. When

mixture is beginning to thicken, whisk the egg-whites to a stiff froth and fold in lightly. Turn into a wet mould. When thoroughly set, unmould and serve with the remainder of pear syrup. Top with whipped cream.

Tinned pears may be used with the same result.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. McIvor, 22 Reynell St., West Croydon, S.A.

LAMB ROLLS

One pound lamb chops, 1lb. green peas, parsnips, and some pineapple slices.

Boil parsnips, peas, in gently boiling salted water. Trim the chops, remove the skin and marrow, place a rasher of bacon around outside edges of each chop. Roll into a neat shape, folding the bacon on one side into the chop. Sprinkle pineapple with paprika, salt, and a little brown sugar, place on the outer edges of griller bars. Sear the chops for first 3 minutes on both sides. Cook gently for a further 8 minutes, turning once more.

Serve each chop on a slice of pineapple and arrange down centre of dish. Put alternate heaps of green peas and stuffed parsnips around the outside of the dish. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Peggy Dunlop, Room 2, Ground Floor, 12 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

CARAMEL WHIP

Quarter-cup cold water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1½ cups milk, vanilla to flavor, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar extra.

Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Place the sugar in a saucepan. Stir over a low gas until sugar becomes a light toffee color. Add the butter. Stir until dissolved. Add the boiling water and softened gelatine. Stir until caramel is dissolved. Allow to cool. Make a custard with 2 egg-yolks and the milk. Allow to cool. Add the gelatine mixture. Whisk well. Allow to partially set. Beat the egg-whites stiffly with the extra tablespoon of sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Beat into caramel mixture. Pile into serving dishes. Top with fruit slices and serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Martin, 8 Wingrove Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

"Mummy, why are some places
on the map marked red?"



"That's to show that they are part of the British Empire, son."

"What's the British Empire, mummy?"

How can one explain to him this unity of lands comprising a quarter of the earth's surface, which we call the British Empire or the British Commonwealth of Nations.

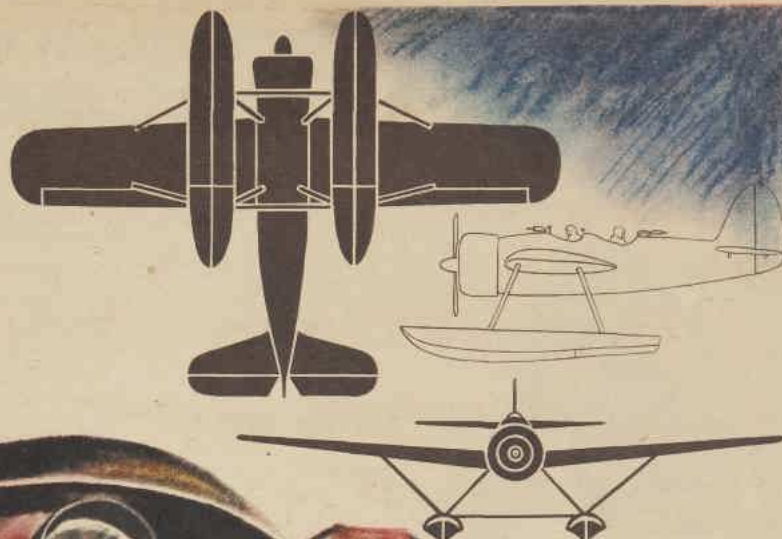
How can one explain a birthright of justice and freedom to a child who has never known injustice and tyranny.

These things we can do, however; work—and lend—and fight to see that his precious birthright is preserved—and that those places on the map which are in red, remain in red, and free!

CADBURY'S
AN EMPIRE HOUSE
Famous for over 100 Years.

Spotting danger!

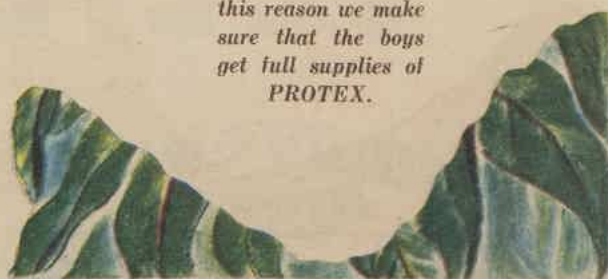
Memorise these points so you will recognise this Japanese NAKAJIMA NAKA — a double seater Floatplane Fighter. Look for the single propeller rising from a projecting cone on round blunt nose. It is a small plane with oblong wings rounded at ends. Two floats project beyond nose of plane, connected by light struts to wings. Fuselage ends in pointed tail with single upstanding rudder. (Span 36' 9" — Length 33' 6" — Height 11' 5".)



There's a useful job for everybody to-day. No matter how old you are—or how young—there is some service you can perform for your country. Not for everyone is the glorious opportunity to fight in the cause of freedom. But . . . there are so many ways in which you can help. Put your money into War Savings Certificates . . . give your energies to one of the many national services . . . help the Red Cross . . . be a good friend to the gallant lads of the Fighting Services. This is the unity of a nation! This will to give on the part of every single citizen is the force that will win through to victorious peace.

Hygiene is important to troops at their battle stations. For this reason we make sure that the boys get full supplies of PROTEX.

INSERTED BY THE MAKERS OF PROTEX SOAP



HANDKNITS FOR SERVICEWOMEN



THE PERFECT-FITTING WINTER PULLOVER for servicewomen is shown above. It is nice to look at, comfortable to wear, non-bulky. Five coupons required for the wool, plus cost of yarn.

● Cosy, long-sleeved pullover, gloves, and scarf to be worked in either khaki or blue have been specially designed for our women in the Services, for A.R.P., and N.E.S. workers.

IN a couple of months winter will be upon us... So, if you want to do daughter, sister—or friend—a real service, knit her this 3-piece set for winter. Start now! Help to keep them warm, comfortable, fit. Here are the directions:

SERVICE GLOVES

MATERIALS: Patons Super Scotch Fingering Wool, 3-ply. Quantity: 2oz. Knitting needles: 1 set of four No. 13 (with points at both ends).

Measurements: To fit size 6-6½ in. **Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 9½ stitches to the inch in width. The Right Glove: Cast on 60 stitches (20 stitches on each needle).

1st Round: * K 1, p 1; repeat from * to the end of the round. Repeat this round for 2½ ins., increasing once at beginning of each needle in the last round. (63 stitches in round).

Proceed as follows:
1st Round: * K 1, p 1. Repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.
2nd Round: * P 1, k 1. Repeat from * to the last stitch, p 1. Repeat

the 1st and 2nd rounds four times. Proceed as follows:

1st Round: K 1, p 1 (seam-stitch), increase twice in the next stitch p 1 (seam-stitch), work in pattern to the end of the round.

2nd Round: P 3, k 1, p 3. Work in pattern to the end of the round.

3rd Round: Work in pattern.

4th Round: P 3, increase twice in the next stitch, p 3. Work in pattern to the end of the round.

5th Round: Work in pattern.

6th Round: P 3, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 3. Work in pattern to the end of the round.

7th Round: (K 1, p 1) twice, increase twice in the next stitch, p 1, k 1, p 1. Work in pattern to the end of the round.

8th Round: P 3 (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 3. Work in pattern to the end of the round.

9th Round: Work in pattern.

10th Round: P 3, k 1, p 1, increase twice in the next stitch, p 1, k 1, p 3. Work in pattern to the end of the round.

11th Round: Work in pattern.

12th Round: P 3 (k 1, p 1) three times, k 1, p 3. Work in pattern to the end of the round.

Continue increasing in this manner in every 4th round until there are 19 stitches between the 2-seam stitches (39 stitches on 1st needles).

Work 1 round without shaping.

In the next round: K 1. Cast on 3 stitches, slip the next 21 stitches on to a thread and leave for the thumb. Work in pattern to the end of the round. Work 17 rounds in moss pattern without shaping.

Proceed as follows:

First Finger: Work 6 stitches in pattern, slip all but the last 13 stitches on to a thread. Cast on 2 stitches. Work the last 13 stitches in pattern. Divide these 21 stitches on to three needles. Work in moss pattern for 2½ ins.

In the next round (p 2 tog.) ten times, p 1. Break off the wool and run through the remaining stitches, draw up and fasten off securely.

Second Finger: Work the next 7 stitches of the round in pattern (front of glove), cast on 4 stitches, work the last 7 stitches of the round in pattern, and knit up 3 stitches at the base of the first finger.

Divide these 21 stitches on to three needles. Work in moss pattern for 3 ins. In the next round (p 2 tog.) ten times, p 1. Fasten off as given for the first finger.

Third Finger: Work the next 7 stitches of the round in pattern, cast on 2 stitches, work the last 7 stitches of the round in pattern, and knit up 3 stitches at the base of the second finger. Divide these 19 stitches on to three needles. Work in moss pattern for 2½ ins. In the next round (p 2 tog.)

nine times, p 1. Fasten off as given for the first finger.

Fourth Finger: Work the remaining stitches from the round in pattern, and knit up 1 stitch at the base of the third finger. Divide these 17 stitches on to three needles. Work in moss pattern for 2½ ins.

In the next round (p 2 tog.) eight times, p 1. Finish off as given for the first finger.

The Thumb: Work the 21 stitches, which were left for the thumb, in pattern and knit up 4 stitches at the base of the thumb. Divide these 25 stitches on to three needles.

1st Round: Work in pattern to the last 4 stitches, k 2 tog., p 3 tog. Work in moss pattern for 2½ ins. In the next round (p 2 tog.) ten times, p 1. Fasten off as given for the first finger.

THE LEFT GLOVE

Work exactly as given for the right glove until the fingers are reached.

Proceed as follows:
First Finger: Work the 1st 19 stitches in pattern, slip the remaining stitches on to a thread. Cast on 2 stitches.

Divide these 21 stitches on to three needles. Finish the finger, and work the remainder of the glove to correspond with the right glove, beginning at the back of the glove to pick up the stitches for the remaining fingers.

To make up the Gloves: With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly.

THE SERVICE PULLOVER

MATERIALS: Patons super Scotch fingering wool, 4-ply; quantity, 9oz.; knitting needles, 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 12, a set of 4 No. 12 (with points at both ends).

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19½ ins.; width all round at underarm, 34½ ins.; length of sleeve from underarm, 18½ ins. **Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 6½ sts. to the inch in width.

The Front: Using the No. 12 needles cast on 88 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row for 3½ ins. ending with the right side facing.

In the Next Row: K 2 (p 1, k 1) seven times. Cast off 28 sts., * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row. Leave these stitches on a spare needle until the pocket has been worked.

The Pocket: Using the No. 12 needles cast on 28 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat

from * to the end of the row.

Repeat this row until the work measures 3½ ins. from the commencement.

Commencing again on the stitches of the front, work across the row, working across the pocket stitches in place of the cast-off stitches.

In the Next Row: K 1 * (k 1, p 1) three times, k 1, increase once in the next st. (k 1, p 1) three times, repeat from * to the last 3 sts., increase once in the next st., p 1, k 1 (95 sts.).

Using the No. 8 needles proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows four times.

Continue working in plain, smooth fabric, increasing once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 8th row until there are 105 sts. on the needle.

Continued on next page



THIS ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MEMBER OF THE SERVICES—she belongs to the A.W.A.S.—puts on pull-over, scarf, and gloves. "With these," she says, "winter will be just like a long sweet song to the girls." Scarf will require two coupons; gloves only one coupon.

Out of the
crucible of
war

Out of the crucible of war urgent defence needs are being supplied in large quantities and in amazing variety.

In this time of severe testing, Australian industry is unable to maintain peace-time deliveries of civilian requirements.

Meantime, we must all cheerfully accept the restraints and economies necessary to the attainment of peace with honour.

FELTEX

FLOOR COVERING

SAVE AND INVEST IN
NATIONAL SAVINGS BONDS

AND SUPPORT THE NEW COMMONWEALTH LOAN

VICTORY HOMES...

Many a young mother now living in a room, or cramped flat, or house sadly lacking conveniences that make for comfort and happiness dreams of the home she hopes to have when building restrictions are lifted.

Thousands of homes are going to be built in this country when the war is over.

Now, what features would you like incorporated in your house so that it would be a better home for your children and yourself?

Send your suggestions to the Australian Women's Weekly and win a cash prize of £1.

THE building of ten thousand homes a month is part of our national post-war reconstruction programme.

In England, everyone is talking about the homes they are going to build when the war is won.

Many ideas are being put forward by housing authorities, also by those interested in child welfare.

Here are some of the points the British National Baby Week Council is pressing for:

1. Homes fit for mothers and children must be roomy. Toddlers must have space to run about; they mustn't be cooped up.
2. They must be airy. There must be a balcony or garden space where baby can sleep in the air and the toddler play in safety, in his mother's sight, and where mother, too, can rest.
3. They must be quiet. Walls and ceilings can, and should, be made as sound-proof as possible.
4. They must be beautiful. Beauty is not a luxury; it makes for happiness.
5. They must be safe. "Barn" doors should be provided, so that the lower-half can be shut to prevent toddlers from straying out of the house, and the upper-half left open for air.
6. Houses must be well lighted, with no dark corners anywhere, particularly on staircases. Fireguards should be provided where there are open fireplaces. Windows must be safe, with casements opening inwards and safety catches wherever necessary. Electric switches and gas taps must be placed out of the reach of young children.

No mother should be a household drudge. She cannot look after her children properly if she is tired out with housework. Everything should be done to make housework easier.

Kitchens must be properly planned, to save labor.

Homemakers of England are making these requests:

The stove should be on the same side as the sink. The larder should be on the cool side of the house and properly ventilated.

Homemakers, please note

There should be an efficient central hot water supply. Floors should be of composition of wood blocks, which do not need covering. Walls should be washable. Mouldings and picture rails should be abolished. Corners should be rounded. Cupboards, ceiling-high, should be built in.

Every housing estate should have a day nursery, where the little ones may be left if mother goes out to work, or when she goes shopping or out with her husband. There should be a nursery school and infant welfare centre, and a communal laundry.

The general desire seems to be for houses rather than flats, but in some places flats are more convenient. Every block of flats, say the British National Baby Week Council, should have a lift. The staircases must have two handrails—one at the ordinary level and one at low level for the use of toddlers. There should be playgrounds for the children, both open and covered, and lock-up "garages" for prams.



These are some of the things that all those interested in the New Order for the masses are hoping for in post-war Britain.



AN ATTRACTIVE HOME set among flowers and greenery is the birthright of every little Australian... Tell us what you think should be included in the planning of the post-war family home. See story for details.

What do you think about it? As a mother, or a wife who looks forward to being a mother, what features would you like in your house that would make it a better home for your children and yourself?

Tell us. Give us your suggestions, just the things you would like, big or little.

Remember that a cash prize of £1 will be paid every reader whose sug-

gestions are published in The Australian Women's Weekly. And we will send these suggestions to the members of the State Housing Commission so that they will know what our readers—a truly representative section of Australian wives and mothers—really want.

Address your letters to Eve Gye, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly Homemaker Department.

CONTINUE without shaping until the work measures 13ins. from the commencement, ending with a purl row.

In the Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., k 44, k 2 tog., k 1, turn.

Work on these 46 sts. as follows:—1st Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k plain to the end of the row.

3rd Row: K 1, p 2 tog., p to the last st., k 1.

4th Row: Like the 2nd row.

5th Row: Like the 1st row.

6th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k plain to the last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Continue working in plain smooth fabric, decreasing once at the neck edge in every 3rd row, whilst at the same time decreasing once at the armhole edge in every alternate row until 35 sts. remain.

Continue working in plain smooth fabric, decreasing once at the neck edge only in every 3rd row until 24 sts. remain, ending with a plain row.

Work 9 rows without shaping.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:—

1st Row: Work to the last 8 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to the end of the row.

3rd Row: Work to the last 16 sts., turn.

4th Row: Like the 2nd row. Cast off.

Join in the wool at the centre-front and work to correspond with the other side.

THE SERVICE PULLOVER

Continued from previous page

THE BACK

Using the No. 12 needles cast on 88 sts.

Work exactly as given for the front until the stitches have been cast off at the underarm, omitting the pocket.

Continue working in plain smooth fabric, decreasing once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 79 sts. remain.

Continue without shaping until the armholes measure the same as the front armholes.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:—

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to the last 5 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to the last 16 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to the last 24 sts., turn.

7th Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., k 5, repeat from * three times, work to the end of the row. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Using the No. 8 needles cast on 23 sts.

1st Row: K plain to the end of the row, cast on 2 sts.

2nd Row: K 1, p to the end of the row, cast on 2 sts.

3rd Row: K plain to the end of the row, cast on 1 st.

4th Row: K 1, p to the end of the row, cast on 1 st.

Repeat from the 1st to the 4th rows seven times (71 sts.). Continue working in plain smooth fabric, decreasing once at each end of the

needle in the 13th and every following 8th row until 49 sts. remain.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 19ins. from the commencement, ending with a plain row.

In the Next Row: K 1, p 1, * p 2 tog., p 5, repeat from * to the last 5 sts., p 2 tog., p 2, k 1 (42 sts.).

Using the No. 12 needles proceed as follows:—

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat this row for 3ins. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

THE NECKBAND

Sew up the shoulder seams. Using the four No. 12 needles and with the right side of the work facing, knit up 42 sts. across the back of the neck, 63 sts. down the left side and 65 sts. down the right side of the neck (170 sts.).

1st Round: * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to the end of the round.

2nd Round: (K 1, p 1) 51 times, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. (p 1, k 1) 31 times, p 1.

3rd Round: (K 1, p 1) 50 times, k 1, p 2 tog., k 1, p 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) 31 times.

4th Round: (K 1, p 1) 50 times, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. (p 1, k 1) 31 times, p 1.

5th Round: (K 1, p 1) 49 times, k 1, p 2 tog., k 1, p 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) 30 times.

6th Round: (K 1, p 1) 49 times,

k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. (p 1, k 1) 29 times, p 1.

7th Round: (K 1, p 1) 48 times, k 1, p 2 tog., k 1, p 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) 29 times.

8th Round: (K 1, p 1) 48 times, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. (p 1, k 1) 28 times, p 1.

9th Round: (K 1, p 1) 47 times, k 1, p 2 tog., k 1, p 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) 28 times.

10th Round: (K 1, p 1) 47 times, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. (p 1, k 1) 27 times, p 1.

Cast off in rib.

To Make up the Jumper: With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew pocket lining in position on the wrong side.

SERVICE SCARF

MATERIALS: 4oz. Patons super Scotch fingering 4-ply; 1 pair No. 7 Beehive knitting needles.

Measurements: Width, 8ins.; length, 46ins.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 61 sts. to the inch in width.

Cast 55 sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to the last st., k 1.

Repeat the 1st row until the work measures 46 inches or length required. Cast off.

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly.

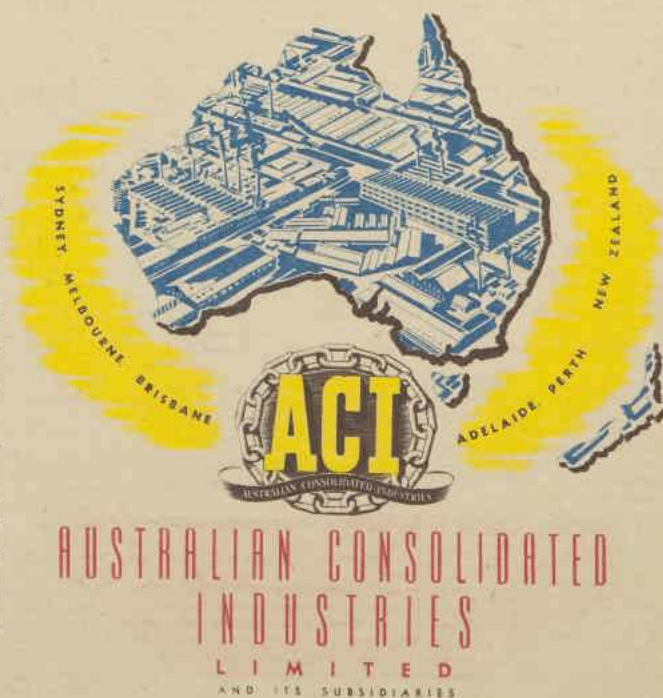


1915: Factory of the Sydney Glass Bottle Works on the site of the present plant at Dowling Street, Waterloo

HAD he been gifted with prophetic sight he would have seen in the spinning globe of glass a thousand things other than a bottle. He would have seen glass in a score of shapes, glass for a score of uses; he would have seen steel fabricated into mighty structures, hand and machine tools, spun and stamped metal of countless kinds; he would have watched with wonder the miracle of plastics and fibre glass—the newest and most versatile products of industrial science. He would have seen an industry, planned

for peace, producing from every plant a thousand different munitions of war.

The foresight, initiative and constant research which have kept this industry abreast and often in advance of modern industrial achievement, made it possible for an immediate change-over to war production in the hour of Australia's need. To-day every man, every machine, every factory and workshop of Australian Consolidated Industries is busy meeting the multifarious needs of a nation at war.





Give post-war children a real chance

● Here are some of the things that our medical writer and our Mothercraft nurse have in mind for children born in the post-war reconstructed world.

1. Healthy parentage and happy homes.
2. Good and healthy environment.
3. Well planned, perfectly equipped schools.

LET us have cities planned for the children who have to live in them... with parks and playgrounds where play, so big a part of a young child's life, can be properly organised and supervised.



"A CHILD is not born, it is built," states Medico. "This may sound unromantic and scientific, but the joy and happiness that a well-built child brings is a rich reward for care, thought, and planning."

This is what Medico has to say...

A CHILD'S right to be "well-born" should be secured in the New Order by the education of our young men and women in the simple laws of life and healthy living.

They will then be guided in the happy choice of their life-partners.

Marriage should not be haphazard.

The pre-marriage health certificate has much to commend it.

Life does not begin at birth. Before a child is born all the temporary teeth, and even some of the permanent teeth, are formed or forming in the jaws.

The adequate nourishment of the

expectant mother is the first step towards building good teeth as well as making for the safety of motherhood and the health of the child.

A quart of milk a day, six ounces of potatoes, four ounces of meat, as well as cheese, an egg, and whole-meal bread, with no sugar, cakes, scones, or sweets, are the cornerstones of the adequate nourishment of the expectant mother and child-to-be.

Breast-feeding is the child's birth-right, and here again the proper nourishment of the nursing mother is vital.

The first year of life should be guided by the child-welfare clinic, where the child's needs are understood and the mother can be helped to further "build" her child.

Immunisation against whooping-cough and diphtheria are part of the programme between 6 to 12

months, because these unnecessary diseases have been streamlined away from our design for child health in the New Order.

The nursery school, even as early as 18 months, gives the child an early and happy introduction to healthful ways of living, as well as ways of living with others. The nursery school more than makes up for what the child misses in not being one of the large families of past generations.

There should be a nursery school or pre-school child development centre in nearly every street and village, because transport is a problem at that age.

The child of the New Order will need and receive as much parental love as ever, but that love will be enriched by wise planning and the application of the results of experience.

Our Mothercraft nurse looks forward...

ALL sane-thinking Australians with the interest of children at heart will strongly endorse the views expressed by our Mothercraft nurse:

Here is my earnest wish for our children:

1. Healthy parents who have realised the responsibility of parenthood, and who have both come to marriage with a clean bill of health.

2. Parents who have realised the all-importance of the months before their children are born into this world, and have availed themselves of all the expert pre-natal care available now.

3. Happy homes, in which the parents have love and mutual understanding, and put the bringing up and training of their children before self.

4. A good and healthy environment for every child—a land where slums or "distressed areas" no longer exist; where every home has free access to God's free gifts of pure, fresh air and sunshine.

5. Cities planned for the children who have to live in them, with "breathing spaces," with parks and playgrounds—where play, so big a part of a young child's life, can be properly organised and supervised.

6. Many more day nurseries, nursery schools, and kindergartens be established and supported, so that the important and often much-neglected pre-school period of our children's lives shall be safeguarded. (The problem of working mothers will not be solved immediately the war ends).

7. A social economy with security

for all must be planned if we are to have happy, healthy families.

In a land of lavish plenty, there must be wise distribution of the produce of the land. Deliberate and wanton waste of many important food products to keep up food prices must never again be allowed.

Every home should be able to have ample supplies of fresh fruits and vegetables, at reasonable prices, within the reach of all as well as of milk, butter, eggs, fish, and all the foods—especially the "protective foods" that every young and growing human being needs.

Malnutrition should be an unknown word in our vocabulary.

However, as it is a well-known fact that malnutrition is often caused by the choice of wrong foods, there must be a nation-wide education of parents in diet and food-values.

Much good work in this direction has been started by the Commonwealth Department of Health,

which has issued free nutritional pamphlets.

8. We wish for our children of the post-war reconstructed world, schools especially planned for good health... schools with spacious playgrounds, instead of the "pocket handkerchief" grounds existing now in city and suburban schools... Schools with equipment planned for the health of the child—proper lighting and ventilation and with desks adjusted to fit the individual child—not the misfits that cause poor posture and other troubles!

More equality of opportunity for good education is now being planned, and we can also wish for our growing schoolchildren more outdoor and camp schools. Surely these will be made to fit into our national fitness scheme!

Finally, it must be recognised that the home is the primal unit of reconstruction in a better and post-war world.

The value of hard foods for baby

AMONG other good habits, that of good mastication should be taught as early as possible.

Chewing is valuable exercise, developing good jaws and muscles, and later ensuring good, sound teeth.

It needs much tact, perseverance and patience to teach a baby or toddler to chew hard foods. Often when these are refused they are replaced with soft or semi-liquid foods, and therefore it becomes far more difficult to establish this important habit of good mastication.

From six months and onwards a baby should be encouraged to chew on hard things, such as bones, bone-teething rings, wooden pegs, etc. As

soon as teeth appear, hard rusks and foods should be introduced and should be given first while the child is hungry—and these hard foods must always form an important item in the daily diet.

A leaflet giving helpful hints on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



Dear Jim:

"The old man hasn't got much time to be sentimental these days. But whenever I look at that picture you had taken when you were home on leave the last time, I sort of get a lump in my throat."

"It reminds me of the time when you were eight years old and getting over scarlet fever. I'd promised you anything you wanted, and you asked for a soldier suit. Gosh, it was hard to turn you down, but I couldn't tell you then it was because your Mother was against it. She didn't want you to even play soldier."

"Neither did I, son—but now you've finally got your soldier suit, I couldn't feel any prouder if I was in it myself! Your Mother feels the same way about it."

"I wish I was with you, Jimmy—and don't let anybody kill you, I'm not too old to take on a few of those japs myself. But—well, I don't know how to express it, but I am with you. If you could see the amount of stuff this plant's turning out, you wouldn't have any worry about us here at home backing you up!"

For us at home, the job is to increase production; to work longer and better; to leave nothing undone that might mean another plane or tank or gun for Jimmy—wherever he is.

Millions of MAZDA ELECTRIC LAMPS are used in Australian war industries to provide better lighting conditions so that vital war equipment can be produced still faster and built with greater skill.

Inserted by Australian General Electric Proprietary Limited. Distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., Eng.



"I am an Australian"

For the first time in my life I'm saying right out aloud—*"I am an Australian."*—and I want all the world to hear me say it!

I've seen our Aussie boys go into battle. I've seen them come out of battle still cracking a joke as I've helped to dress their wounds.

I've seen girls, who thought that hitting a typewriter was hard work, empty slop buckets from hospital wards. I've seen them get down on their knees and scrub floors for hours—whew! I'm one of them.

I had to see how close we came to losing this country and what it has cost to save it . . . to make me wake up to all that it means to me.

I hate war—but I'm sticking until its last shots end Hitler and his crew for ever. Then, believe me, I will know what Freedom means—and that a flag with a Southern Cross on it does stand for something wonderful after all.

So if you see me running around kissing gum trees when this war is over, you'll understand. I bet you'll feel like kissing them yourself.

Gosh—I love this country. And I've got a pretty good idea that we Australians will come out of this war knowing that we belong to each other. We've been through plenty! And we've plenty to be proud of!

Come on. Say it with me . . . *"I am an Australian."*

Come on, LOUDER . . . *"I am an Australian."* It gets you. Doesn't it?

To Australia's girls who are lovelier than ever

Pond's Powder
Pond's "Lips"



Made by the makers of Pond's famous Creams